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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 219.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 12, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Portugal

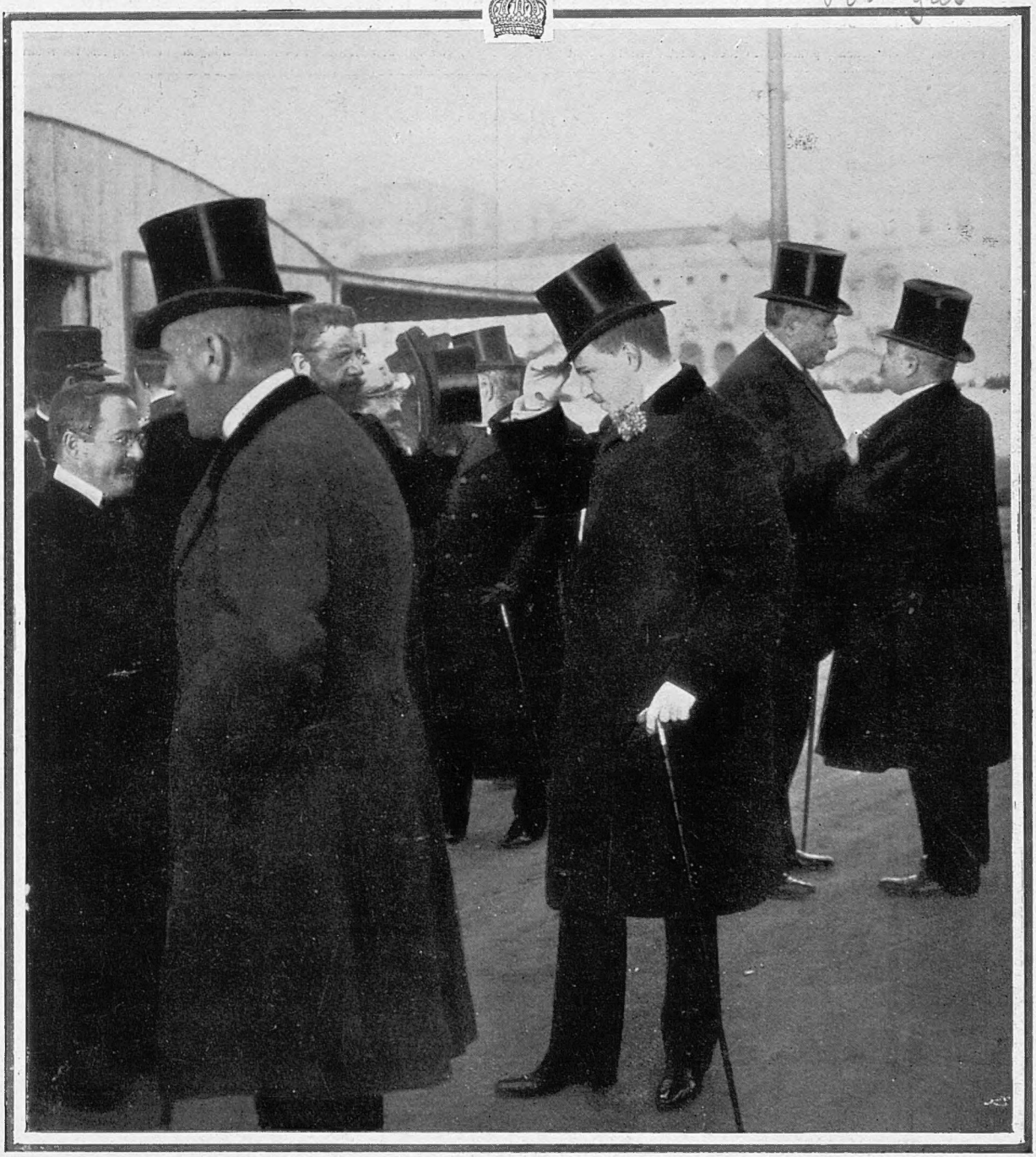

Photo *L.E.A.*

KING MANUEL II. OF PORTUGAL AWAITING THE ARRIVAL FROM VILLAVICOSA OF HIS FATHER AND BROTHER ONE HOUR BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION WHICH PLACED HIM SO SUDDENLY AND SO TRAGICALLY UPON THE THRONE

Troubled, but Loyal

LISBON IN THE THROES OF ITS CRISIS

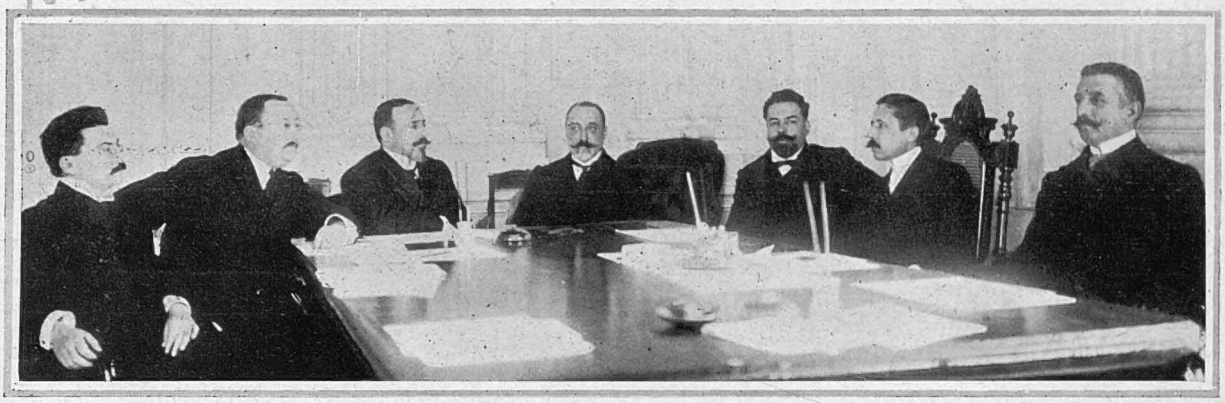

Photo L. E. A.

The Indictment of the Dictator: Senhor Franco (in the centre), with the late Cabinet in the Council Chamber

One of the first enactments of the new King was his dismissal of Senhor Franco, his father's Premier, who is held by the Queen and the people generally to have been responsible for the situation which provoked the assassinations. Report has it that, on his entering the hall where the bodies lay in state, Queen Amelie, pointing to them, exclaimed to Franco, "Behold your work!" at which the ex-Dictator hung his head and left the room

Arresting a Suspect

People Reading the Proclamation of King Manuel

STREET SCENES IN LISBON

Photos] **A Gathering of Workmen Discussing the Situation** [*Topical Agency*

Lisbon, though loyal to the new King Manuel, is in the throes of bitter indignation against Senhor Franco, who escaped, almost immediately after the assassinations, to a more congenial country

His Majesty Attends Mass AT SPANISH PLACE

THE GRACEFUL TRIBUTE TO KING CARLOS WHICH HAS AROUSED PROTESTANT IRE

Archbishop Bourne (sitting)

Photo] THE SCENE IN THE NAVE OF ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE [*Illustrations Bureau*

The King and Queen, and many Members of the Royal Family, attended, on Saturday, Requiem Mass in the above church in honour of the late King and Crown Prince of Portugal. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of Nottingham. Present besides their Majesties were the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the Services and the Cabinet. The ceremony thus partook of an official character. Their Majesties, on Sunday, attended Divine Service in St. Paul's. The attendance at Mass has drawn the expected protest from the Protestant Alliance

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. THE BELLE OF THE BALL.
TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

The Albany Review (February). Edited by Charles R. Buxton. (Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Dramatic Elocution and Action." By A. C. Sutherland. (Collingridge: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Gang." By David Whitelaw. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Vision of the Foam." By John McEmery. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Storm of London." By F. Dickbury. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Colonel Kate." By K. L. Montgomery. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"A Tangled Web." By L. G. Moberly. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Horse." Edited by Prof. J. Wortley Axe, M.R.C.V.S. Nine volumes. (Gresham Publishing Co.: 8*s.* per vol.)
"The Churches of Modern Thought." By Philip Vivian. (Watts: 3*s* 6*d.* net.)
"Condemned to Die." By John Eyre. (Ouseley: 6*s.*)
"Which?" By Edith Nowell. (Ouseley: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Me and Dod." By Lady Graves. (Spurrell: 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"Our First Ambassador to China." By Helen H. Robbins. (Murray: 16*s.*)
"Claude-Achille Debussy." (Living Masters of Music Series.) By Mrs. Franz-Liebich. (Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Willoughby Affair." By G. W. Appleton. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Our British Trees and How to Know Them." By Francis G. Heath. (Country Press: 10*s.* net.)
"The Top Weight." By Nat Gould. (Long: 2*s.*)
"The Old Snick." By Alice Maud Meadows. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Father Alphonsus." By H. A. Hinkson. (Fisher Uwin: 6*s.*)
"The Red Peril." By Coulson Kernahan. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)
"Mystery Island." By Edward H. Hunt. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)
"The Girl Behind." By Sara Drew. (Ouseley: 1*s.* net.)
"The Red Reign." By Rellog Darland. (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Vincenzo's." By Joseph Prague. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Love Seekers." By Mary Walpole. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"A Bride on Trust." By Captain Henry Curtis. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"The Place Taker." By Peter Earlston. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Truth About the Navy"

Owing to the great number of requests we have received from our readers for copies of the caricatures on naval life by E. G. O. Beuttler, called "The Truth About the Navy," we have decided to issue one hundred special sets of the 9 drawings.

The drawings will be published at the size of 9in. by 6in.

More than Double the Size at which they Appeared in "The Bystander,"

and the proofs will be hand-pulled on the best paper in sepia double-toned ink, with stiff card mounts. These sets will be sold at the price of 12s. 6d. per set, postage paid. We shall be pleased to supply sets in oak frames at the price of 25s. the set, carriage paid to any part. As the number of sets is strictly limited to one hundred, and the moiety have already been applied for, intending purchasers should write at once, enclosing cheque or postal order to

THE MANAGER,
FINE ART DEPARTMENT,
"THE GRAPHIC,"
190, STRAND, W.C.,

marking "Navy Set" in left-hand corner of envelope.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 12, 1908

Simplicity is said to be the keynote of the palace which Mr. Knott is to erect for the London County Councillors, and many people are of opinion that this is the first time in which the architecture of a public building has been chosen to harmonise with its occupants.

* * *

Disappointed competitors maintain that the L.C.C. has tied itself in a Knott over the matter

* * *

Too much care cannot be exercised in the granting of Old Age Pensions. In Turkey, where the Government is reported to make a small weekly allowance to brigands at a comparatively early age, the pensioners themselves allow that they often feel pauperised.

* * *

"When the Rev. J. Morgan Whiteman, of the Trafalgar Street Unitarian Church, Burnley," says a contemporary, "fell ill last Sunday and was unable to conduct the service, his wife, Mrs. Whiteman, herself ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon." It is a sad story, and we are afraid it will give a handle to those who are always demanding a celibate clergy.

* * *

Byron, as we all know, awoke one morning to find himself famous, and now the name of Miss Murby, of Clapham, must be added to the list of those suddenly doomed to fame. She is the lady, herself a Suffragist, who, at a Suffragist meeting, condemned the policy of "nagging." She is still alive, and we cannot help thinking that just as policemen present a silver watch to those who have assisted the Force in a tight place, so magistrates ought to present something to Miss Murby. A fireproof suit of armour, perhaps.

* * *

According to the *Daily Graphic*, Great Britain only purchases about two per cent. of the total of human hair exported by Japan. Germans, therefore, though they complain of our increased Navy Estimates, should bear in mind that at least we encourage our allies to keep their hair on.

* * *

Mr. A. R. Bennett, who is proposing the formation of a National Railway Museum, in which relics of the age of steam may be preserved, was asked by an interviewer: "Have you any exhibits in your mind to start with?" "Plenty," replied Mr. Bennett, with confidence, and his reply will find an echo in many a railway passenger's heart. The bother is that if one were to name the exhibits one would like to see in a railway museum, difficulties would be sure to crop up. The law of libel is in such a very unsatisfactory state.

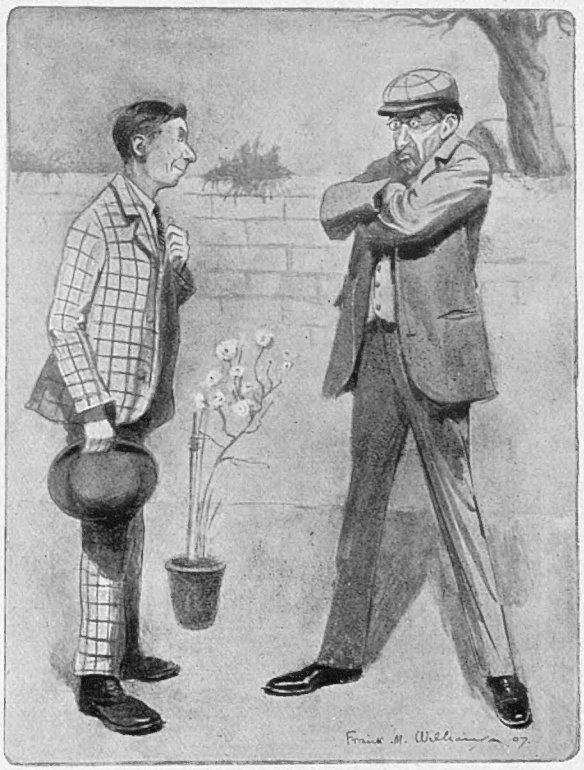
By an agreement with China, the British troops are shortly to evacuate the Chumbi Valley. It is hoped that the Tibetans, thus abandoned, will keep Chumbi.

* * *

"Our singers are apt to be too vocal," says the *Daily News* musical critic, commenting on the performance of the *Ring* in English. There is something in this, no doubt, but we fear it is not an uncommon failing. Our actors, for example, are apt, on occasions, to act; even our R.A.'s are prone to paint pictures.

* * *

It is to be trusted that the historic office of Keeper of the Dublin Crown Jewels will not lapse merely because a burglar happened to step in and fancy the jewels. What are the gems compared to the quaint old office? Nothing at all. If purists insist upon being purists, at least let the new King-of-Arms be named "Keeper of the Safe which wouldn't fit into the strong-room," or "Green-Stick-in-Waiting-for-the-Crown-Jewels to be returned." Already we have lost Crosby Hall.



It Sufficed

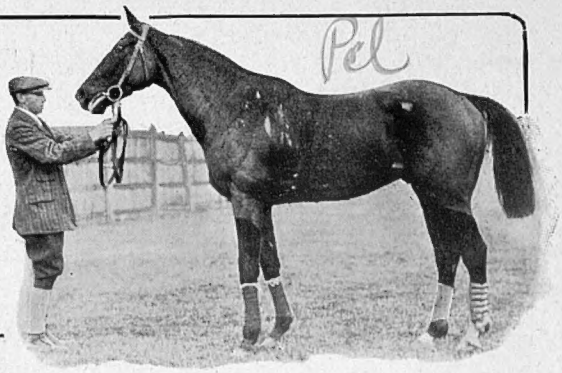
MR. HAUGHTY CULTURE: "I must have someone with infinite patience to tend my bulbs. What are your qualifications?"
APPLICANT: "Well, sir, I once was a trainer of performing fleas"

BY FRANK M. WILLIAMSON

RACING NOTIONS

"'CHASING" AT SANDOWN.

BY CARBINE.



The Winner of Fifty Races
Mr. R. Gore's Orpington, who has run in 150 races and won 50 of them

Attractive Sandown

What steeplechasing is more delightful than that which you get at Sandown on a bright, crisp winter's afternoon? Personally, I know of none. Sport at Esher is always enjoyable when the weather is fine, for the stands are comfortable and properly arranged, the paddock is just at the back and may be entered by the occupants of the chief enclosure without any fuss as to checks and tickets, the horses are always in view excepting at one unimportant corner, and the "class" of the fields is somehow a bit above those usually seen at Kempton, Hurst Park, and Newbury. In fact, Sandown is, and always has been, one of the best steeplechase gatherings in the kingdom, and I for one cannot help feeling regretful that it has been decided to shift the Grand Military Meeting from its old home to Newbury next year. No doubt the soldiers will be well catered for in Berkshire, but the Grand Military and Sandown have been so long associated that it seems like abruptly breaking a link with the past to change the scene of the Service races.

Seisdon Prince's Fine Win

Saturday at Sandown was positively ideal. The preceding afternoon had produced the best 'chasers, but we had no scarcity of smart performers. There was, for example, an excellent field for the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. Coulthwaite brought out Seisdon Prince, looking as hard and as well as I have ever seen him. He started favourite at 2 to 1, but at one time it was possible to get half a point more about him, owing to the support for Mr. Neumann's fine young horse, Baeldi, while Irish Wisdom also nad no end of friends. Seisdon Prince gave a really great display. The race was run at a fast pace, but he was always in touch with the leaders. Half a mile from home he and Irish Wisdom were out by themselves. The favourite easily outstayed the other, and won anyhow. We have not seen a better exhibition of clean jumping at Sandown for a long time, and it made us remember that Seisdon Prince is in the National. But how different the course—Liverpool from Sandown. The chances are against the horse getting safely round at Aintree, but he has been kept in the National and knocked out of the big steeplechase at Manchester, which he won in 1905. I should have thought him likely to win that race again.

Turf and Stage at Gatwick
Mr. G. P. Huntley and Hallick, his trainer

A Smart Jumper

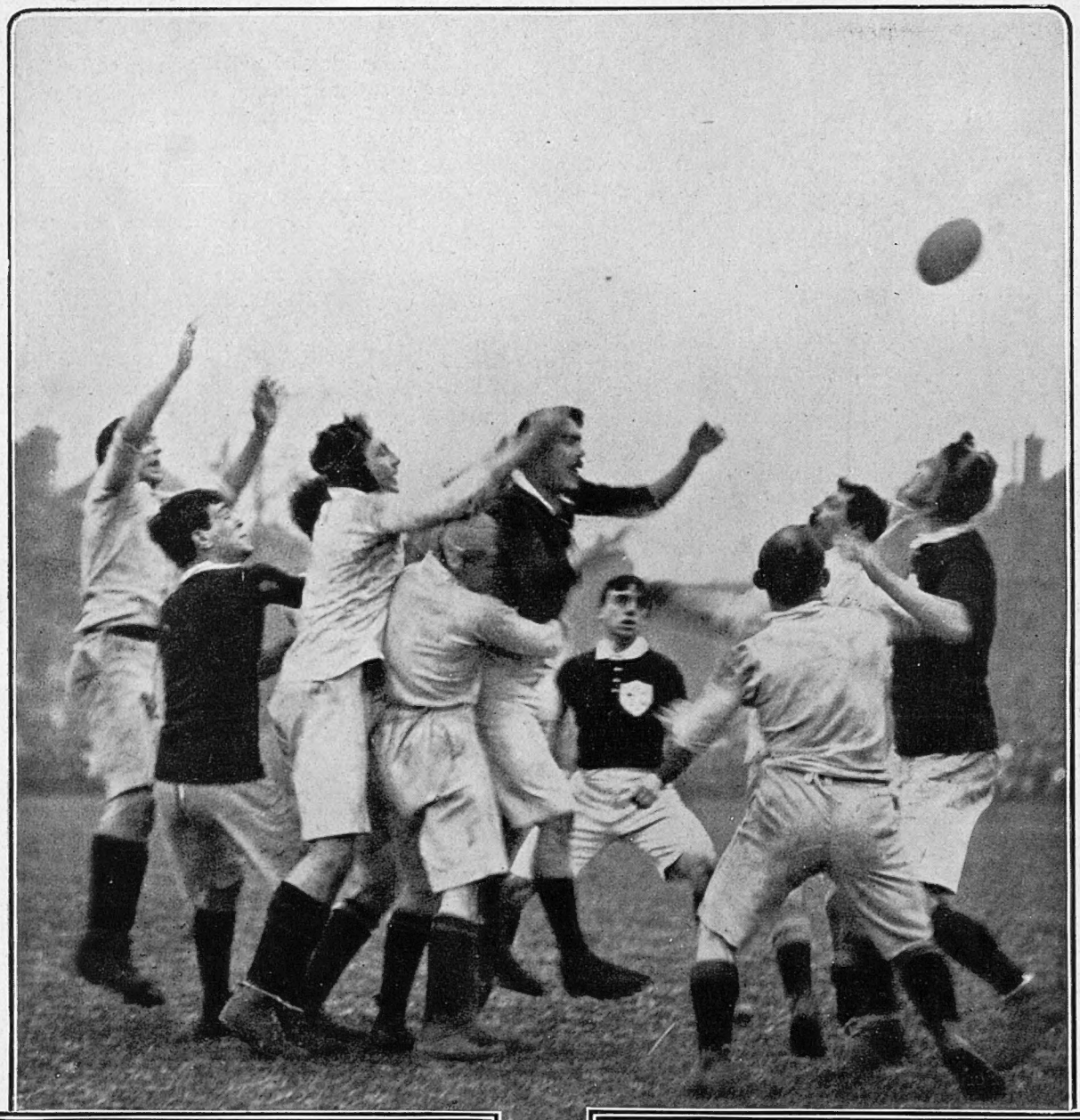
Mr. Assheton-Smith—a name renowned in the world of sport—has owned one magnificent 'chaser in Cloister, and since his time has been quietly looking for another horse as good. He bought Cackler a month or two ago in the hope that at last he had found what he wanted. And I do not think his judgment was at fault. He had to pay something like £5,000 for Cackler—a big price for the average owner, but nothing for an enormously rich man who wants to possess something altogether out of the common. This young horse is unquestionably a smasher. He had a great advantage in the weights in the Burwood Steeplechase on Friday, yet the style in which he won, beating Mount Prospect's Fortune, Pat Cullinan, Whipsnade, and other smart performers, was exceedingly impressive. No wonder that Mr. Assheton-Smith dreams of another Grand National triumph.

Selections

At Leicester on Wednesday we may see Tom West, and whether he wins or loses his race the public will be glad to see what progress he has made since running so well in the Grand National last year. On the same afternoon we may possibly see the King's colours carried by Nulli Secundus in the Oadby Hurdle Race, but he is a disappointing creature, and I think it will be safer to look to **Hartigan** to win this race with his chosen representative. On the following day, **Holy War** should take the Worksop Steeplechase if he is as good as we believe. At Hurst Park my selection **is Venetian** for the Maiden Hurdle Race on Friday.

International Rugby

ENGLAND BEATS IRELAND AT RICHMOND BY 13 POINTS TO 3



The English Team

The Irish Team

SOME FINE TACKLING BY ENGLAND

Saturday's International match at Richmond was fast and exciting, but it was, at the same time, a game of lost opportunities. England, who won by two goals and a try to a penalty goal, were the better side, but their forwards failed to "get going" in the first half. A prominent feature of the game was the fine tackling of England's backs

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Court Mourning

The tragedy in Lisbon has, of course, necessitated the cancelling of all Court functions for the month of February. The King and Queen have postponed their State visits to the Courts of Copenhagen and Christiania for a later and more auspicious date. The King will stay at Buckingham Palace until the end of the month, when he will proceed to Paris and thence to Biarritz, not returning to England until some time in May. The Queen and Princess Victoria will remain at Sandringham until they leave for their yachting trip in the Mediterranean in the latter part of next month. The Dowager Empress of Russia will visit the Queen at Sandringham during March.

* * *

Mourning Queens

As is the way of the world, it is upon the women who wait and weep that the full force and burden of the awful Lisbon tragedy has fallen. The sufferings of the stricken Queen are too deep for words; her fortitude is magnificent. The sympathy and admiration of the whole world are hers. For the time, it is all that can be offered her. With her in her grief is Queen Maria Pia, a woman of many sorrows. A Princess of the House of Savoy and widow of Luiz I. of Portugal, she has lived to see her brother, King Humbert of Italy, assassinated, and now mourns beside her son King Carlos, and her bravegrandson the Crown Prince, "the handsomest boy in Portugal."

* * *

Friends of the Queen

Queen Amelie was so recently here that her grief is all the more thoroughly shared by Queen Alexandra. The daughters of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris have always held a warm place in her heart. As girls, living with their exiled parents at Twickenham, they came into constant contact with the then Princess of Wales and her sons and daughters, and the Queen's eldest son, it is well known, cherished more than a liking for the Duchess d'Aosta. With Dom Carlos, King Edward was on terms of friendship only possible between two men possessed of such close kinship of tastes and temper. He was generous, brave, good-natured, keen on sport and art and music, always well-dressed, debonair, sincere—a description equally applicable to King Edward.

* * *

Photo *Lallie Charles*

For the London Stage

Miss Muriel Wilson makes her début on the London stage on Friday at the Lyric Theatre, when she will act with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in *Time is Money*, in aid of the Victoria Home for Invalid Children at Margate

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Photo *K. Pragnell*

ARMS AND THE MAN

Captain Nevile Wilkinson, the New Ulster King-of-Arms, and his wife, Lady Beatrix Wilkinson

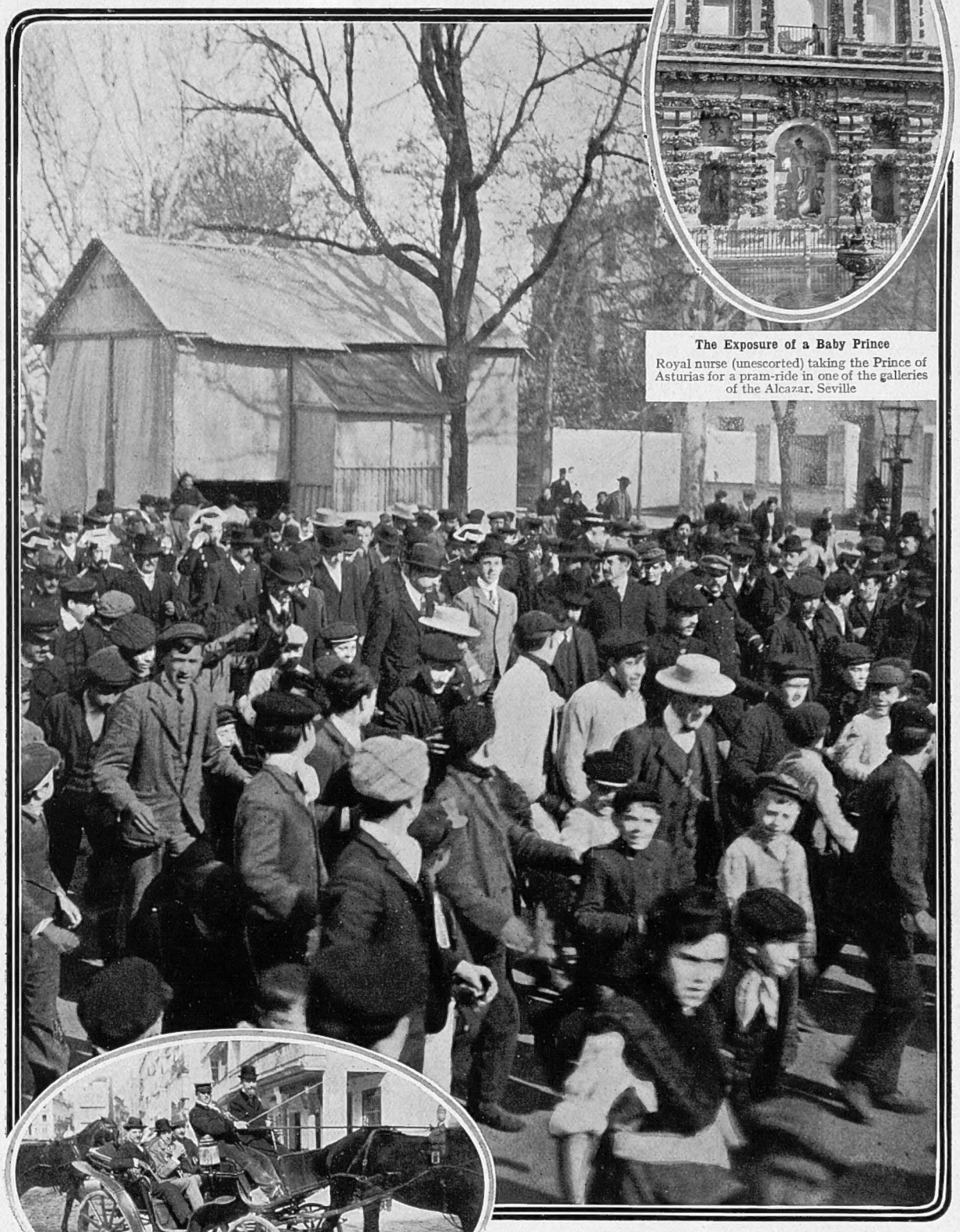
From a Club Window

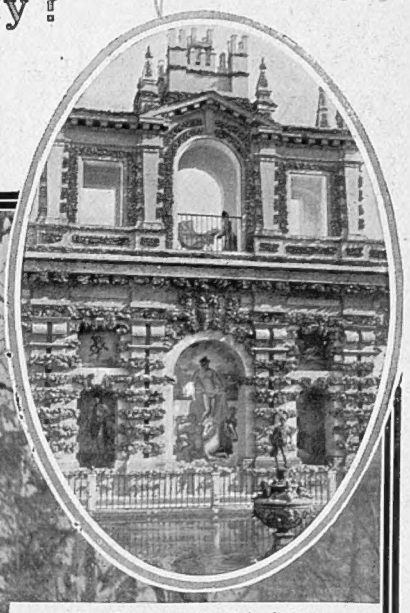
One expects bravery of kings as beauty of women. And generally we get it. From a club window I once saw the late King of Portugal taking a signal act of bravery very quietly, as it were, in his stride. He was, as everyone knows, devoted to athletics of all kinds. His physical strength was Herculean, and, while staying with King Edward at Buckingham Palace some years back, he found long walks round the London parks the best outlet for superfluous energy. On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 6, 1904, his Majesty, unaccompanied, according to custom, was walking briskly along Pall Mall on his way back to the Palace. Suddenly a runaway cab, containing two terrified women, came tearing down the street and promptly collided with another vehicle. A policeman ran to the rescue, and succeeded in extricating the collided vehicles, but could not hold the horse. The animal started off again full tilt, but this time, in a second, King Carlos was at its bridle. With an iron hand he succeeded in quietening the animal, and then, when the danger was over, he continued his way.

Are Kings Careless of their Safety?

KING ALFONSO ON ONE OF HIS UNESCORTED WALKS

THE KING





The Exposure of a Baby Prince

Royal nurse (unescorted) taking the Prince of Asturias for a pram-ride in one of the galleries of the Alcazar, Seville

Just Like an Ordinary Person!

Alfonso takes a common cab-ride in Seville

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

What Is He Thinking About?

The King of Spain walking through the streets of Seville unescorted by cavalry, infantry, or police—and followed by a large and curious crowd, some of whom might very easily be Republicans, Carlists, or Anarchists. After the Lisbon catastrophe, the King is advised to take a little more care of himself

Things People are Talking About

Are Kings too Careless?

It is a matter of serious question whether the habit of going about unescorted, brave and democratic though it may seem, is not a little foolish. Monarchs should remember that they are not, after all, as other men. They stand for a certain principle of government. So long as that principle is popular, as, thank goodness, it is in the majority of European States, so long is the monarch fairly safe from the assassin's hand. Directly, however, it becomes unpopular, then at any moment the life of the man who stands for it may be taken, no matter how great his personal merit.

* * *

Where the Danger Lurks

In Britain, in Germany, in Austria, and in the northern countries generally, assassination is not a popular weapon of politics, and, therefore, northern monarchs are fairly free to walk abroad. In Latin countries, however, the knife and the pistol are, unhappily, arguments of perennial popularity. Therefore should a king of Italy, of Spain, of Portugal, or a President of a South or Central American Republic, be more cautious of his safety than rulers of more temperate States.

* * *

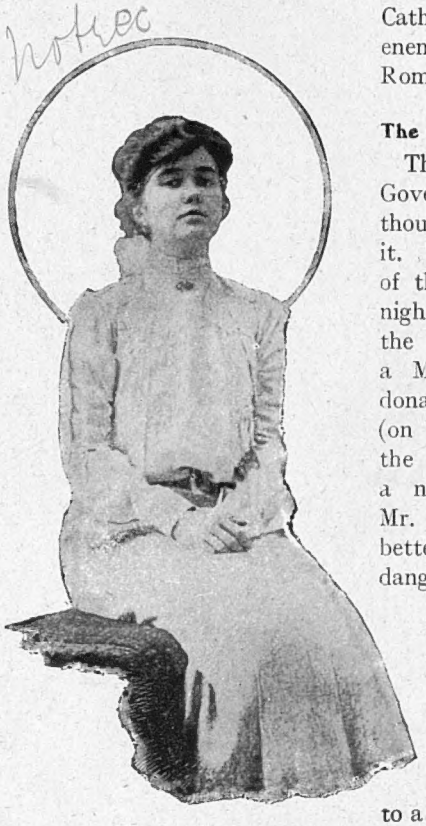
A Hint to King Alfonso

Dom Carlos had been specifically warned, yet, smilingly and unescorted, he went about his business. It is the same with the King of Spain. Our picture on another page shows his youthful Majesty walking in the streets of Seville, *insouciant*, unattended, gay as ever. Will the fate of his neighbour-monarch cause him to take more care? Very probably not. In those matters which concern him directly and physically, it is very doubtful whether the tragedy in Portugal will be allowed to change one detail of his life. In one respect only it may influence him, and that is where his Queen is concerned. For years before his death King Humbert of Italy would never drive in the same carriage with the Queen. "That risk," he would say, "at least I will not run," and his thoughtfulness had its reward.

* * *

The King and the Protestant Extremists

Their Majesties' attendance at Requiem Mass at Spanish Place has, as was generally expected, drawn the ire of the Protestant Alliance, who remind his Majesty of the embargo laid on Roman Catholics by the Coronation Oath. Apart from the ill-taste of such a reference to an action which was dictated by personal grief at the loss of an intimate friend and fellow-monarch, I doubt very much whether the Alliance are justified in their protest on technical grounds. The Oath prohibits a British Sovereign from "being reconciled to, or holding communion with, the See or Church of Rome." By merely being present at a Requiem in a Catholic Church, in company with, it may be mentioned, a round dozen members of the Liberal Cabinet, many of them themselves Nonconformists, their Majesties cannot by any stretch of words be accused of being "reconciled to, or holding communion with," the Church of Rome. If the Protestant Alliance would busy itself more with the terrible battle being waged on Christianity in general by the enormously and rapidly swelling legions of Agnosticism, their efforts might win more general support. This persistence in the threadbare and fanatical struggle against the Catholic Church only makes the enemy of religion rejoice, and does Rome no particle of harm.



The Countess of Yarmouth

Her petition for a decree of nullity of marriage with the Earl was granted after a hearing lasting twenty-five minutes. They were married in 1903, and the Countess is a sister of Harry Thaw

* * *

The Government and the "Two Macs"

The present is, as we know, a Government of Scots. It looks as though the Scots are going to kill it. Twice, during the first fortnight of this Session, it has been brought nigh unto death, and each time the attempted assassin has been a Macdonald. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald having introduced a motion (on Unemployment) which brought the Government majority down to a ninth of its normal strength, Mr. Murray Macdonald goes one better, and introduces a motion so dangerous that the Premier had to implore him to withdraw it—the Amendment to the Address which regretted there was no mention in the King's Speech of a reduction of armaments. Had Mr. Murray Macdonald been allowed to carry the amendment to a division, it is exceedingly likely the Government would have been defeated. Had it been saved, it would have been by the patriotism of the Unionists alone.

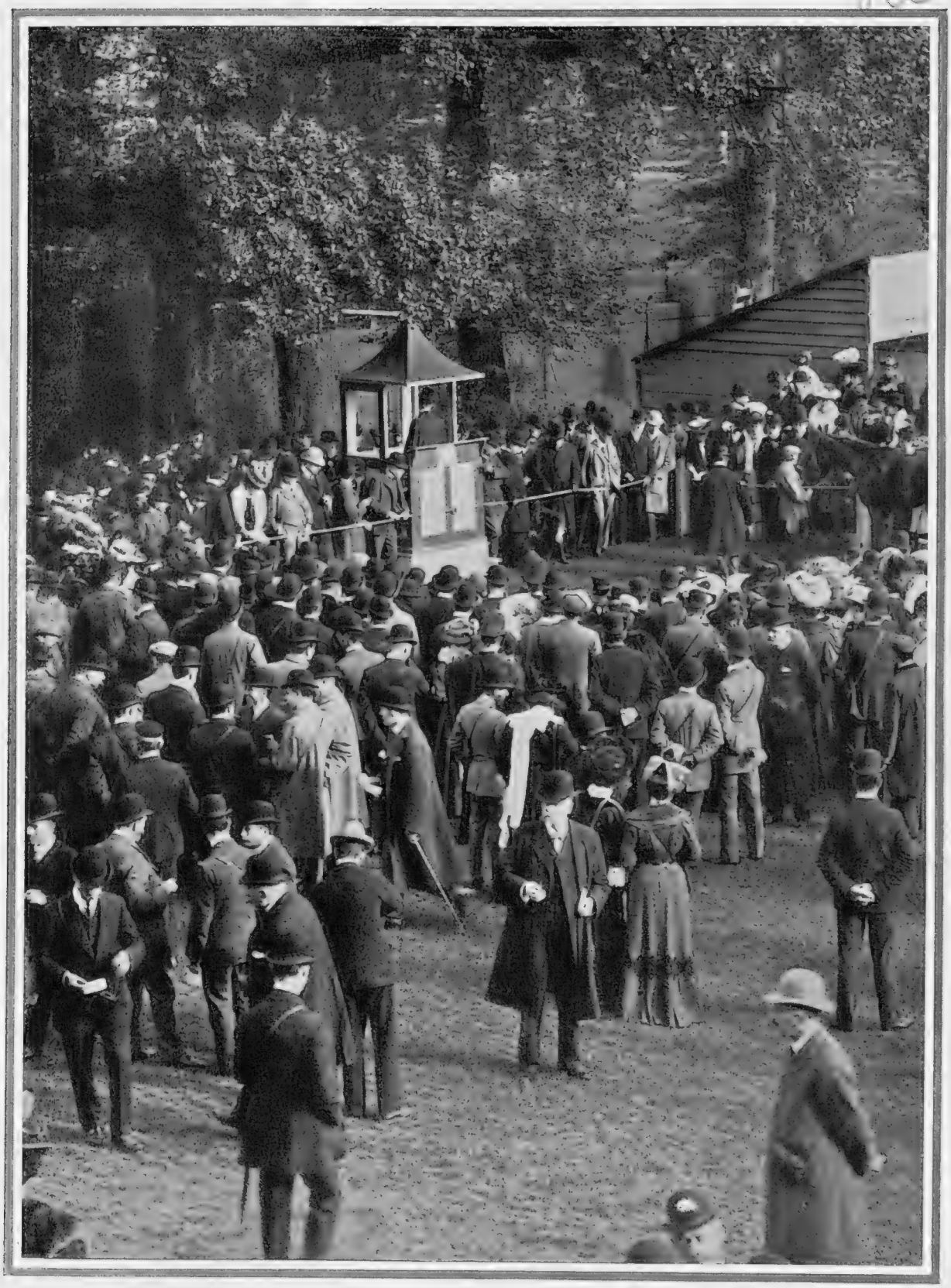
* * *

New Ulster King—

Missing Crown Jewels and the trouble in Portugal notwithstanding, the Irish season opened last week with a Levée and a Drawing Room (see our supplement). The new Ulster King-of-Arms, therefore, took office in a crowded hour. Captain Wilkinson, who succeeds Sir Arthur Vicars in a post declined with thanks by Sir Antony Weldon and Mr. Rollestone, is an artist by temperament and talent, though a soldier by profession. He is married to a daughter of Lord Pembroke, has resided for the last few years at Mount Merrion, his father-in-law's Dublin house, and has for some time been seeking congenial occupation of a literary, artistic, or heraldic description. Another new

Sportsmen at Sandown

BIDDING FOR A WINNER AFTER A SELLING RACE



The above scene, representing a sale by auction, is a familiar one to frequenters of Sandown Park, where a successful two days' meeting was held on Friday and Saturday last

A Conquest by Clive

ROSS HAILING ITS NEW MEMBER AFTER THE POLL

"Another Nail in the Coffin of Free Trade"

(Captain Morrison-Bell's message to his brother officer and fellow Unionist victor at Hereford)

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

CAPTAIN CLIVE ADDRESSING THE ELECTORS AT ROSS AFTER THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL

"However small our party may be in Parliament, South Herefordshire has shown that there is still a large and strong party in the country"

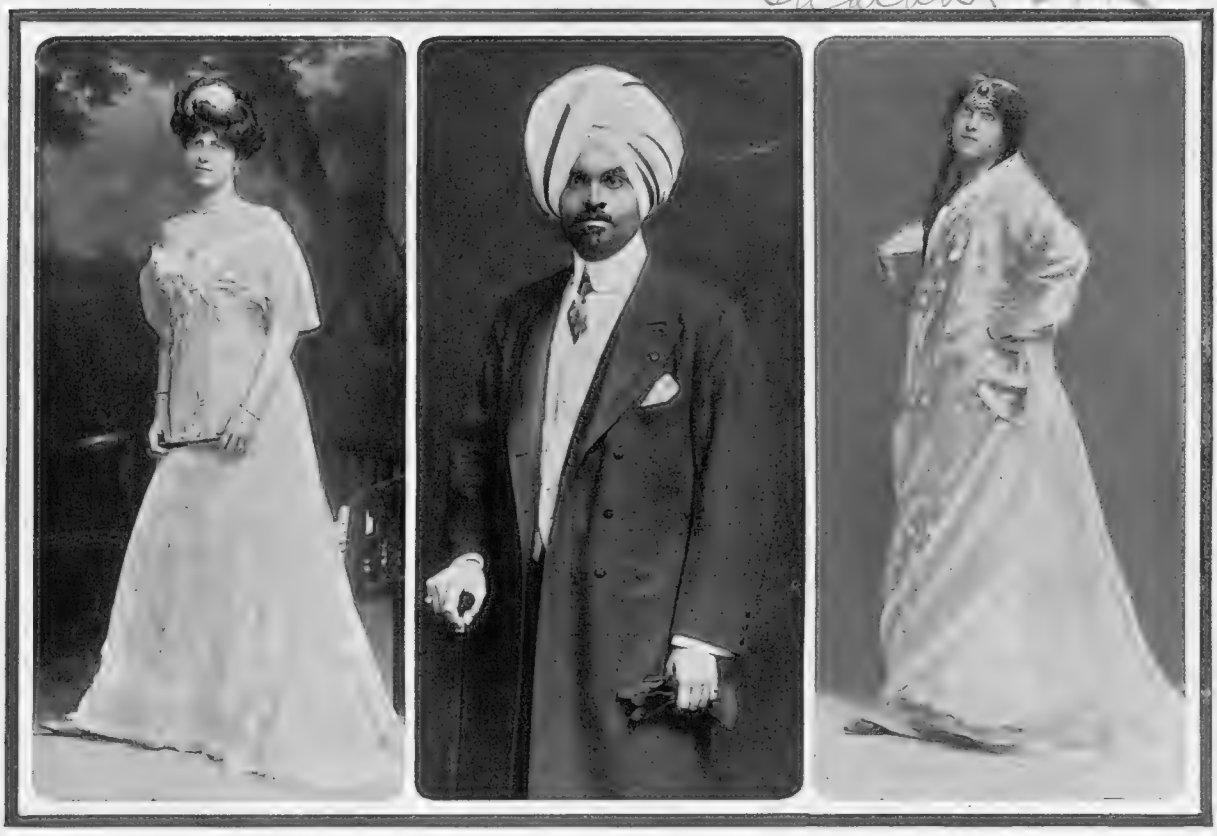
An Indo-European Alliance

appointment shortly to be announced is that of Chamberlain and State Steward, Lord Liverpool, the present holder, being anxious to resign. Should he do so, his absence and that of Lady Liverpool will be much missed in Castle circles, where already the absence of Lord and Lady Grenfell from the Royal Hospital is deeply felt.

* * *

"The Stingaree" First Night

The Stingaree, on its first night at the Queen's Theatre, had a good send off, a very distinguished audience being present, including the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria. The Royal party followed the play very carefully, and were evidently deeply interested. Mr. E. W. Hornung in



Photos *Langfier, 23a, New Bond Street*

Senorita Delgado (of Malaga) **The Maharajah of Kapurthala** **The Bride in Asiatic Dress**

Married recently, according to the Sikh Ritual, in the Maharajah's capital

The Stingaree has followed the same general principle as in *Raffles*, to the extent at least that, in both cases, the "hero" earns his living by preying upon the human race. Judging from *Raffles*, the policy proved successful of glorifying a dishonest career, but it does not look as though the public will take to the new play quite so readily. The Stingaree is, as we are told, a well-known bushranger, whose exploits are spoken of with bated breath, but we have to accept his character of dare-devilry on trust, as, in every situation in which he is placed, the Stingaree seems to be a very meek bushranger indeed. Indeed, with his long hair and drawing-room manners, I cannot say that the Stingaree of Mr. Henry Ainley inspires respect as a bushranger of any kind. Although he is supposed to have been originally a gentleman of refinement, it is too much an effort of imagination to suppose that such an effeminate individual, with so soft and sweet a voice, could do such dreadful deeds, and this impression is not removed when one sees how tamely he surrenders when cornered. Another weak point of the play, and one which is really most important, is that Hilda Bouverie, played by Miss Antony, is supposed to have a magnificent voice. Miss Antony's acting leaves nothing to be desired. She acts naturally, now gay, now pathetic, but on two occasions on which she sings — and the plot of the play turns on her supposed beautiful voice—it is hard lines on the audience to ask them to believe that she is a Patti in embryo, when she has in reality only a pleasant drawing-room voice. The really strong acting in the play is the part of Tom Bracy, a squatter, in love with Hilda, which is played, as is only to be expected, with great success by Mr. Herbert Waring. In the last act, when the Stingaree, having lingered for three years in prison, returns to his lady-love, who has since blossomed out as a *diva* of exceptional magnitude, it is vexatious to find that Mr. Waring has disappeared from the play. Mr. Ainley is a beautiful actor, and as the Stingaree, in shiny top-boots and pure white "ducks," with Grecian profile and a monocle, he will doubtless appeal to a large section of playgoers. But, when all is said and done, personal beauty is not so much what the British public desire. As to the play itself, possibly the less said the better.

Diplomatic Chops and Changes

Photo Beresford *Photo Barnett*

FOR PROMOTION?

Sir Gerard Lowther **Lady Lowther**

The British Minister at Tangier is now on a visit to London—it is rumoured in connection with promotion to a higher post

Where East Meets West

The Maharajah of Kapurthala, by his marriage, in accordance with the Orthodox Sikh Ritual, to a European lady, Señorita Delgado of Malaga, acted not entirely without precedent. His former neighbour, the late Maharajah of Patiala, contracted a somewhat similar marriage, his bride being Florence O'Brien, the sister of his trainer. The union proved unhappy, and in her Eastern palace, the little Irish Maharanee soon flagged and then quite suddenly died. The Maharajah of Kapurthala is nothing if not entirely Western in his tastes and ways. He has but one real wife, has often visited England, is a great sportsman, and has left in the hands of an English firm—Waring's—the entire decoration of his wonderful palace at Kapurthala.

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Waring in India

On his recent tour through the native States, Lord Kitchener inspected and admired the Rajah's gorgeous new residence. For India, the palace, in its studied uniformity of decoration and design, is an entirely fresh departure. The Grand Salon is entirely Louis Quinze, in white and gold, the parquet floors being carpeted with old Aubusson tapestry. The Maharajah's sleeping room is also Louis Quinze, but the marble banqueting hall is Louis Seize, and the billiard-room is Georgian, with Grinling Gibbons' carving.

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Diplomatic Chops and Changes

Much shuffling of the Diplomatic cards may shortly be expected. Sir Gerard Lowther, now home on leave from Tangier, is mentioned in connection with the Berlin post should Sir Frank Lascelles retire in October. A year ago, the fact that Sir Gerard has an American and a charming wife, sent him, by rumour, back to Washington. In reality, Mr. Bryce went instead, and now, in his place, those same quidnuncs are saying Sir C. A. Spring-Rice will shortly stand. In Rome, where Mr. Lloyd Griscom, the New United States Ambassador, is making mighty bids for popularity, it is hoped Sir Rennell Rodd will succeed Sir Edwin Egerton, retired. In the Eternal City, as Secretary, under Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Rennell was an indispensable and ever-welcome figure. There is a vacancy at The Hague as well, Sir Henry Howard being retired, and Sir C. A. Spring-Rice, failing Washington, may possibly be sent there.

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From the West

There is, perhaps, no more ungrateful task than the representation of the Mother Country in a daughter or a sister State. From Canada a rumour reaches me that even Earl and Countess Grey, popular and delightful as they are, have not quite succeeded in winning every heart. The Governor, say the grumblers, is too much of a "hustler"; his wife, a true Holford, is, in the social sense, a little slack. Her tastes are simple, and simplicity, in a new land, does not pay. Earl Grey, hoping to get the Prince of Wales to journey there in August, is working hard in Quebec on his Park of Peace idea. The Plains of Abraham, above Quebec, once the scene of War and Death, he hopes to see re-born, and, in their birth, the hatchet once and for all buried. A worthy aim, but money and sympathy are necessary to its realisation. Both are there, but in insufficient volume, for the French-Canadian, an important, ever-present element in Quebec, holds back, and without his aid, both mental

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Juliet Duff

One of the many well-known British visitors to Mexico this winter. She is the wife of Capt. Robin Duff, and the daughter of Countess de Grey

China's Awakening: Photographic Proof

and monetary, it is difficult for even the most popular of Governors to get much further.

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In Washington

The constantly reiterated rumours that Mr. Bryce is to retire remind one of what was said at the time when the Durands returned to England, *i.e.* that popularity at the Washington Embassy, until the Pauncefotes were forgotten, was quite impossible of attainment, so brilliant and successful was their reign. Mrs. Bryce, however, started with a good handicap, for she succeeded a lady who, though of a managing disposition, shunned rather than courted social kudos. She is, too, one of the brightest stars in the Liberal firmament. Cultured, well-read, a linguist, and delightful conversationalist, she is also fully equipped with that "grand manner" in which her husband is, perhaps, a little lacking. Her father, a very wealthy man, a connoisseur in Art and the owner of some magnificent pictures, several times declined a peerage.

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A Mexican Mecca

Mexico, as a sporting winter resort, is becoming something of a social Mecca. Among the latest pilgrims to its shrine are Lord and Lady Denman, Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson (Sir Weetman has business interests out there), the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murray, of Elibank, and Captain Robin and Lady Juliet Duff. Lady Juliet, who is the only daughter of the Countess de Grey by her first husband, the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, is, like her mother, a woman of exceptionally good looks and most exceptional stature. Always beautifully dressed, mother and daughter invariably tower above every other woman in their vicinity. Captain Robin Duff is the only son of Mr. Duff-Assheton Smith, and his marriage to Lady Juliet took place from Buckingham Palace by virtue of Earl de Grey's position as Treasurer to the Household of Queen Alexandra. Captain Duff, who shares with his wife and the Queen herself a passion for photography, will inherit some £120,000 a year from his father's Welsh slate quarries.

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The Awakening of China

As a sign of the times, not the least wonderful among many, I publish on this page a picture of Sir Liang Chang, the retiring Chinese Minister to the States, and his son—the latter in European dress. And by a coincidence I have just received a pamphlet dealing with a plan for the furtherance of the education of Chinese students in England. The oldest, the greatest Empire of the East, the most exclusive and most highly organised, is in the first slow throes of modernisation, but the revolution, unlike most upheavals, has started from the top and not the bottom. It is the old aristocrats, such as Sir Liang Chang, who are sending their sons to be educated in England, dressing them in Western garb, and emancipating from foot and other thralls their women. The lesson of the Russo-Japanese War has struck deep home in China. If little upstart Japs, they say, could lick great Russia and worry calm America, what could not we, in illimitable China, do?

Photo] **A Meeting of East and West: A striking sartorial contrast** [*Topical Agency*

The Chinese Minister at Washington, Sir Liang Chang, and his son, who is being educated in England, and wears Western garb. The contrast between the sartorial custom of the old and the new Chinese generation is suggestive of the change which is taking place in the Celestial Empire

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Renaissance or Decadence

The vastness of the Land of the Dragon can only be gauged by statistics. In the days when Abraham led his flocks into Egypt, China was a great and ancient Empire. To-day it is the most populous Empire on

The Dog Show of the Week

earth. Her millions exceed the combined population of Europe, and one person out of every four in the world is Chinese. Her men are strong, hard-working, and fast learning to combine to advantage the artistic benefits of an ancient civilisation with the commercial value of a modern education. Her women are highly honoured in motherhood. Only a year or so ago the road to high office lay in a minute knowledge of ancient literature, to acquire which a man makes life-long studies. To-day, the three R.'s, with travel, business ability, and languages, spell promotion. In a few years the railway between Pekin and Irkutsk will bring China within fourteen days' journey of London. It looks as though we are positively trying to help on that Yellow Peril!

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A Welsh Backer

The pending action for libel instituted against the *Daily Chronicle* by Mr. George Hollamby Druce, reminds me that this gentleman and his friends have reason to be grateful to a native of that Principality. Some years ago, it will be remembered that a certain London draper came into conflict with the owners of the Portland estates in London on the subject of his business premises. Rather than pay a fine, retract, or compromise, the hardy Welshman went to gaol. He came out breathing fire and vengeance on his enemies, and with the Druce litigation his opportunity for revenge—such as it was—arrived. He gave the case substantial backing by buying large quantities of shares, and was, perhaps, the only careful, clever, and successful business man to do so, for the greater number of the shares were held in quantities of one to ten by people of the flunkey class, and—as a species of sporting chance of getting some of their own back—by ladies whom the Duchess had not chosen to include on her visiting or nodding list.

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Cruft's

For the twenty-third successive year Cruft's International Dog Show opens at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to-day, and continues until the end of the week. This season, a special feature has been made of classes for foreign dogs. No country having its national dog has been overlooked, dogs from the Far North—the Samoyede and the Esquimaux—from the Wild West, from Tibet, China, India, Australia, and Japan, all being included. Just now, too, when coursing men are speculating on what greyhound will win the Waterloo Cup—the blue riband of the leash—next week, the reintroduction of a section for greyhounds will be popular. The scope of the Show in all classes has been so extended that the engagement of no fewer than forty judges has been found necessary, and that well-known Sussex sportsman, Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg, has joined the board in place of Mr. J. Cumming-Macdona, chairman. Mr. John S. Cowell, whom all owners of sporting dogs know well as the Secretary of the Spaniel Club for nearly a quarter of a century, has consented to act as vice-chairman.

Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall: A general view of the judging rings

The chief feature of this year's Show is the classes for foreign dogs, and no country having its national dog has been overlooked. The greyhound section has also been reintroduced

Royalty in Devon: A Salston House-Party

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK AT A MEET OF THE EAST DEVON HOUNDS

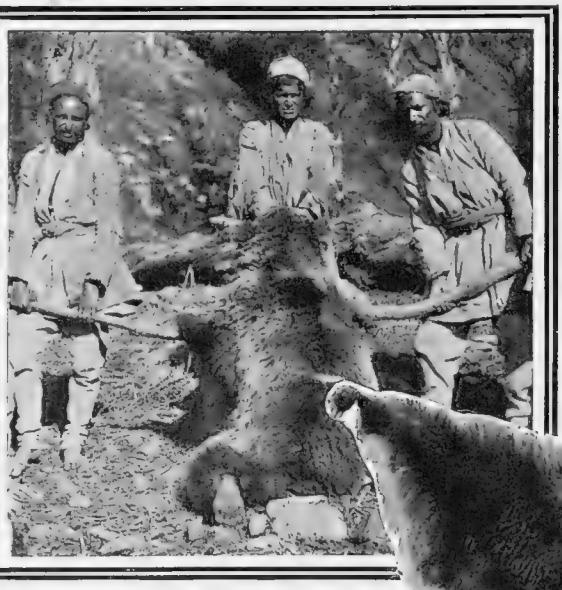
Photo *Heath and Bradnee*

(*Left to right*): Major-General Kekewich, Miss Wightwick, Mrs. Garrett, Prince Alexander, Mrs. Rennel Coleridge, Miss Coleridge, Princess Alexander, Lady Collings, Major Garrett

Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck have recently been the guests of Major and Mrs. Rennel Coleridge at Salston Hall, Devon. During their stay, a meet of the East Devon Hounds took place at the Hall at which there was a record attendance, the Prince afterwards taking part in the run

Sport in the Himalayas

SOME SPLENDID BAGS OF BEAR AND IBEX



(1)

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1. A red bear shot near the camp

These beasts as a rule average about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and afford excellent sport

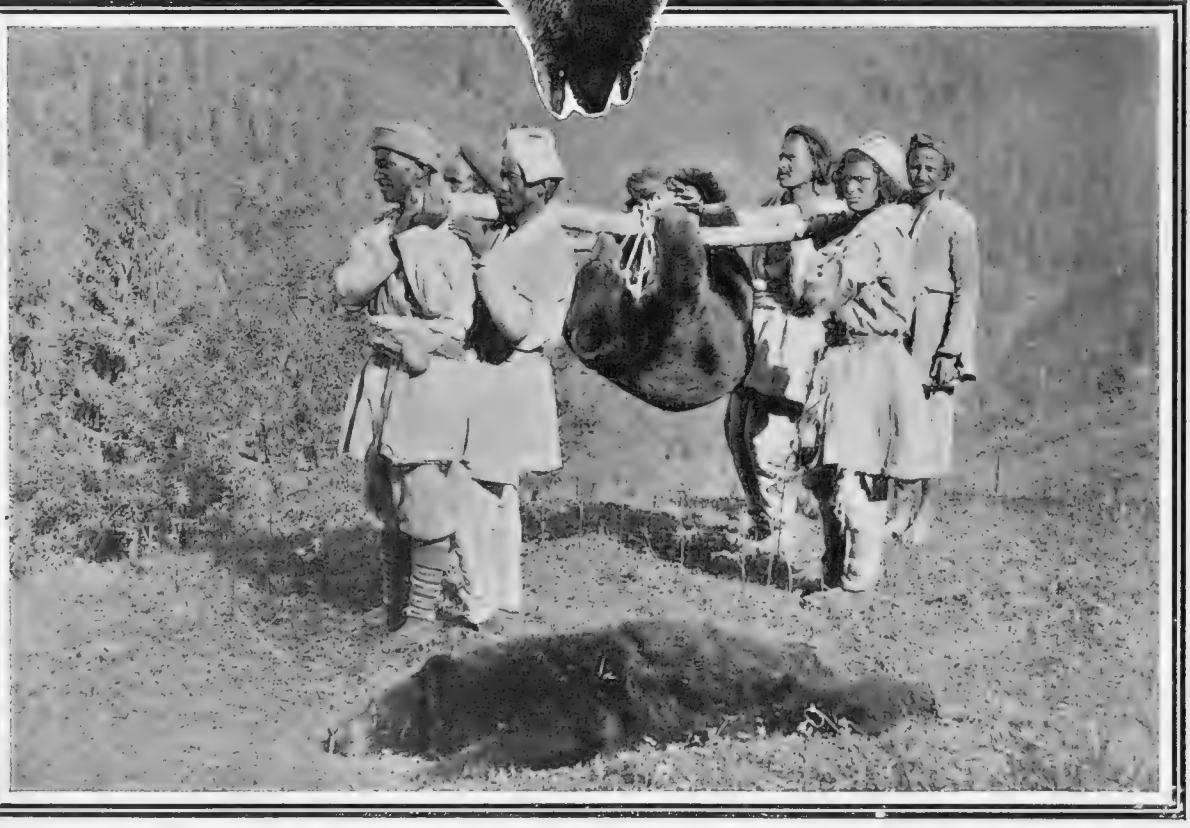
2. Some fine ibex trophies

The ibex is a mountain goat, standing almost as high as a donkey, and possesses magnificent curling horns, often between 30 in. and 40 in. in length

(3)

3. Both Useful and Ornamental: A magnificent red bear skin

4. How a bruin is brought into camp



Photos (4) *Lieut.-Colonel Tyacke*

Hunting among the Himalayas has a fascination lacking in nearly all other realms of sport, taking place as it does among the most magnificent mountain country in the world. In the valleys may be bagged "Barashingha," or Cashmere stags, while further up among the hills one may shoot bears and ibex. Though these latter, with their magnificent horns, are some of the hunter's most coveted trophies, for the highest skill and nerve is needed in tracking them to their rocky haunts, the most dangerous sport is the bear shooting, which the Shikaris say demands even more skill and daring than tiger hunting in the jungles of the plains. The bears are of two varieties, the black and the red, the latter being known among the natives as "harput," and many tales are on record of this beast's wiles and cunning.

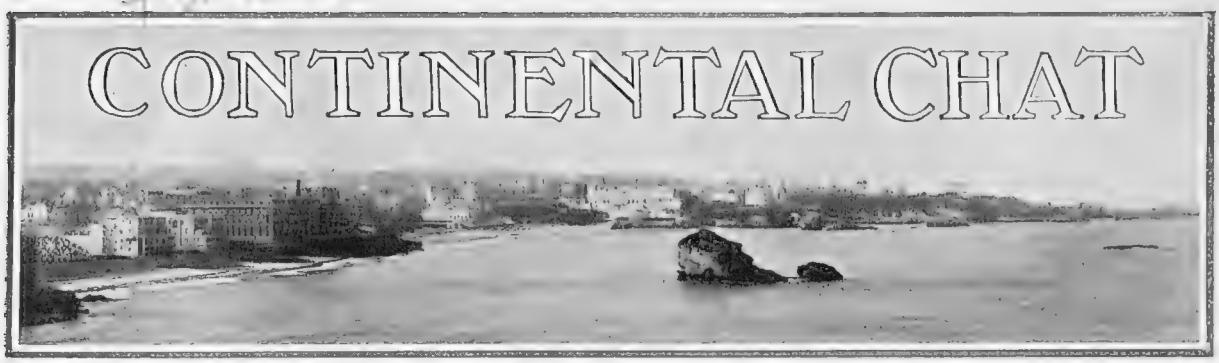
On Nature's Watchtower

ON THE LOOK OUT FOR IBEX AMONG THE HIMALAYAS

Photo] WAITING FOR THE CLOUDS TO CLEAR [*Lieut.-Col. Tyacke*

A wonderful photograph of a sportsman standing on a jutting-out crag 13,000 feet up among the Himalayas, waiting for the mists to roll away that he may command a view of the magnificent expanse of rocky country, the favourite haunt of the Ibex

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Photo] Panoramic View of Biarritz, where the Season is now in Full Swing [*Topical Agency*

Paris and the Regicide

The Portuguese tragedy has stirred the whole French people. It has brought home to Republican France how precarious the life of Sovereigns has become, and how little enviable is their lot. It has also called forth from the most unrelenting opponents of the Orleanist family, expressions of the deepest sympathy with the widowed Queen and admiration for the courageous instinct which made her spring forward and offer herself as a shield to save her poor boy. Not a paper has forgotten to remind its readers that she is a Frenchwoman, and nothing has happened for many years which has made political opponents forget, in such a common impulse, that a Frenchwoman as such deserves in her grief the unstinted sympathy of her fellow-countrymen and countrywomen.

* * *

Socialist Opposition

As might have been expected, the Social Democrats in the Chamber seized the opportunity to "rub in" a moral of their own. Sympathise with the Portuguese Royal Family? Monstrous! Had not the late King brought his fate upon himself by breaking faith with his people and setting up, in the place of the Constitution, a Dictatorship? That King Carlos was actuated by regard for the interests of the Portuguese themselves in his conduct will not, of course, secure him Socialistic sympathy. There was too much of the Tsar about his latter-day attitude, and one of those who pointed out the evil possibilities was King Victor Emmanuel himself. There is no doubt that, so far as France is concerned, there is an undercurrent of sympathy for the Republicans in Portugal. However, it is regarded as a somewhat damaging admission of the efficacy of political murder for the new King to have done what the regicides wanted, and abolish the Dictatorship of Senhor Franco.

Photo *Bolak*

The Late Cardinal Richard

The body of the late Archbishop of Paris lying-in-state in the *chapelle-ardente* of Notre-Dame

Photo *Park*

The New Archbishop of Paris

Cardinal Amette, successor to the late Cardinal Richard

Cardinal Richard

The Paris Catholic world has never quite forgiven the French Government for its severe treatment of the aged Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard. At the time, it was feared that the expulsion of this man of ninety from the home where he had passed so many years, and where he hoped to remain until he died, would be his death-blow, but he succumbed nearly a year afterwards. Until the last, the venerable prelate was mentally sound, and, as short a time as three days before his death, he continued to perform his ecclesiastical duties. No one better than Cardinal Richard could have been at the head of the Catholic Church in France at the time of her persecution. He was a broad-minded man in every sense, and it was unjust to suppose his objection to priests serving as conscripts in the army was any proof to the contrary. Many have accused him of hostility towards the Republic, but this is not the case, although he always took part in the fray with as much vigour as a man of half his age, and enjoyed it. He was never opposed to reform, but he hated injustice and fought against it to the last.

It is a long time since such a throng of the faithful filled the streets from the Rue de Bourgogne to Notre-Dame to witness the funeral of a deceased prelate. Cardinal Richard will always represent in history an epoch of trial and combat against enemies of the Church of no ordinary mettle, and, if he lost, the battle was fought with Homeric grandeur by this grand old man. Deputies and Senators, Members of the Institute, and some sixty prelates, followed the Archbishop to his last resting-place in the heart of Notre-Dame, where the best years of his life were spent.

M. Delcassé

It is not yet quite apparent why M. Delcassé made his sudden appearance in the political arena after his long silence. Some persons thought that his intervention had been planned, in conjunction with the Government, for the purpose of feeling the pulse of Europe, and, if it was so, the combination was not a bad one, for seldom has any speech called forth such a torrent of criticism and of praise and abuse. Others thought that M. Delcassé had singled out this opportunity of vindicating the policy which had led to his resignation rather with a personal than with a political object. A third interpretation was that he was seriously apprehensive lest the Government should follow the rather pusillanimous tendencies of the present Parliament. Whatever the truth may be, his speech has worked out well in all respects, and he has certainly shown himself once more to be not only a bold but a capable statesman. Apart altogether from the statement that M. Rouvier requested M. Delcassé to resign as a result of German threats, there was never any sympathy between the two statesmen. They are diametrically opposed to each other in character and in interests, though both are disciples of Gambetta. M. Rouvier made his name as a Minister of Finance, and in connection with the prudential side of Government, whereas M. Delcassé has always represented the more vigorous school of politics, which does not stand for economy and reduction of debt. Oddly enough, the two men have both sprung from the world of letters. Rouvier was originally a bookseller's traveller and thus his business had to do with the £.s.d. side of literature; Delcassé, who, by-the-by, is ten years younger, began his career as one of the young writers on Gambetta's journal, the *République Française*, and it was on this paper that he first won his spurs. Rouvier will probably never return to power, whereas Delcassé, having amply vindicated his policy, will again retire into his tent and await events. That he will come back before long is unquestionable, for he is one of the *arrivés* and one of the Republic's ablest men. A French paper recently announced that his wife and daughter were about to leave him and retire into a convent, but this is only one of those treacherous statements by which jealous "failures" try to belittle men who have risen from a lower rung in the social ladder. M. Delcassé does not live in the most aristocratic part of Paris; he is by no means well off, entertains seldom, and goes as little as possible into Society. At present, I believe, he is obliged to live on his salary as a Deputy.

Crown Prince of Monaco

The Prince of Monaco has a son who will, in course of time, succeed him. His mother was the Prince's first wife, Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton. This week the Paris *chronique scandaleuse* has had an opportunity of dragging his private life into publicity. The lady who had enjoyed his affections for a number of years has been replaced by a younger member of her sex, but this transfer of affection has not passed over without some friction. Their child, under a procedure provided by French law, had been recognised by the father but not by the mother, for reasons that can be divined. The father, who is passionately fond of the child, carried it off to a boarding-school. The mother, on applying to the police, and finding herself powerless, avenged herself by confiding her woes to a newspaper. Public opinion, however, has not been moved to any indignation, as the Prince's side of the story remains untold. The Prince seems to have inherited none of his father's passion for science, nor, indeed, any of the high qualities which have made him so many friends among the greater men of the world.

Photo **Sic Transit: A Pope up for sale in Paris** *L. F. A.*

Pedestrians in the Rue Urbaine have been somewhat startled to see, exhibited in a second-hand furniture shop near the Place de S. Marie Majeure, a statue of the late Pope Leo, before which stand several women in an attitude of profound admiration. The statue is most life-like, in pose, expression, and in colour—for the late Pope's face was of ivory—and represents him raising his arms in benediction. The effigy formerly belonged to a well-known Cardinal, recently dead, and was found in his villa at Frascati by his heirs. The price asked is fifty francs

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Visit of M. Debussy

M. Claude-Achille Debussy has been, and has gone. Previously, in England, one had understood little of his art; now one understands less. This is, of course, as it should be, for M. Debussy is a Mystic, and the test of success in Mysticism is presumably the extent to which you mystify.

Let it be said at once that to enjoy M. Debussy one must set aside entirely all desire to understand him. His art is, frankly, not designed to appeal to the intellect. He has no ideas to adumbrate; he aspires only to give sensations. This fragment, for instance (given at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, February 1)—*L'Après Midi d'un Faune.* Can it be said to belong to the same art as the Beethoven overture which precedes it—*Egmont*—with its definite exhilarating themes, its strepitous harmonies?

The programme assures you that there are actually five themes to be distinguished. But the ear is hardly conscious of anything definite. It *sees* the Faun and the forest, it feels the heat, it imagines his soliloquy. But it is unconscious of any of those "agreeable successions of single sounds" which it has been taught to call melodies. It is not even conscious of a "succession of simultaneous sounds," otherwise harmony, for the sounds progress in entire indifference to any relationship with each other. Occasionally there is a concordant blend—but that is accident, surely! Debussy dispenses, deliberately, with themes as an essential to composition. Little rhythmic fragments there are, of course, but never sustained or developed so as to be impressed on the memory. The combinations, if vague and unanalysable, are, however, never offensive. Debussy has no unpleasant noises. Refined is he to infinite depths. Even his storm (one of the three Symphonic sketches entitled *La Mer*) is ethereally delicate and gracefully finished.

* * *

M. Claude Debussy

The French Musical Impressionist. He appeared to conduct two of his works at the Queen's Hall on the 1st inst., this being his first public visit to London (*Reproduced from the painting by Jaques Blanche, which forms the frontispiece of Mrs Liebich's new biography, "Living Masters of Music," published by Mr. John Lane*)

Photo Elliott and Fry

Herr Carl Elderhorst

The Conductor of the Brinsmead Chamber Concerts, the season of which began on Saturday, February 1

Music Without Melody—Is It Art?

The British critic who sets forth to condemn Debussy has his weapon near enough to hand. Music, he will say, which deliberately avoids melody is an absurdity. Art which ignores humanity is a nefarious thing. Because his music arouses no emotions, but only sensations, is quite enough for some to cast out Debussy utterly. To this, Debussy has replied by anticipation. He proclaims that what he seeks to interpret is not humanity, but the "unfathomable soul of Nature." Between the acts of his *Pelleas and Melisande* at the Opéra Comique some years ago, I remember this curious ethereal-looking young Frenchman telling me that he wished to get back before everybody—before his compatriots, Saint-Säens, Gounod, Massenet; before Wagner; yes, before Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach themselves—to begin again on music which should present not melodies and harmonic ideas, but "atmosphere" only. And, as the opera proceeded, I remember feeling how greatly he had succeeded! For not one breath of melody came from the throats of the players or from the subdued instruments of the orchestra beneath them. There are, of course, many modern composers who are unmelodic because of sheer inventive sterility, and who atone for their defect by orchestral sound and fury. Debussy is not of this *genus*. His avoidance is conscious—based on a set principle. As a matter of fact, many of his earlier compositions for voice and pianoforte are melodic and rhythmic and harmonic to a rich and rare degree of beauty. But in his later art he has eschewed melody because it is his artistic creed that Music should rise above its arbitrary limitations. Influenced by the poetry of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Rossetti, Paul Bourget, he is among the Symbolists, the Parnassians, the Decadents—call them what you will. Perhaps the most fitting parallel is to call him a Whistler of Music. As Whistler sought in his paintings to approximate to the ideals of the musician, whereby colours in combination should, without regard to the subject painted, delight the eye as harmonies the ear, so, apparently, Debussy would have music approximate to the plastic art, by making it depict effects of light and shade. Whistler wanted us to hear his pictures. Debussy asks us to see his music. Which is absurd, of course—but rather beautifully so.

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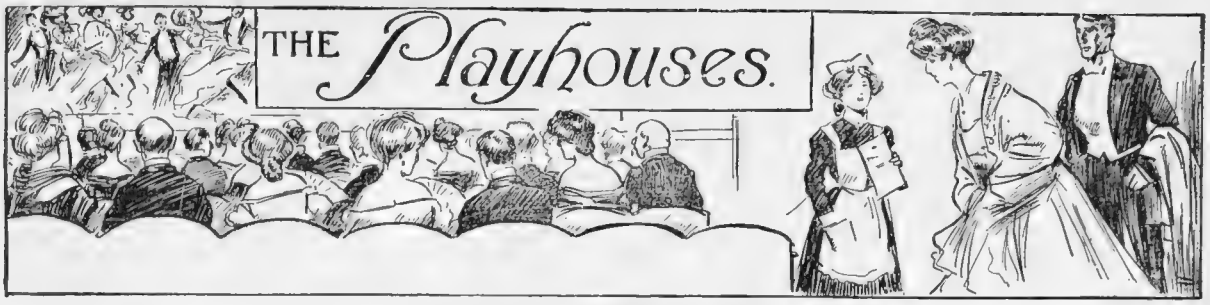
The "Ring"

The performances of the *Ring* at Covent Garden have been exceedingly satisfying from the point of view of the music-lover, who has heard the master-work both splendidly sung and brilliantly accompanied. Furthermore, the cycles have been held at a time of year when one is more predisposed to spend an evening at the opera seriously, under Bayreuth conditions, which is not the case in May, when the heart leaps for a lighter lay. If the fact that the performances have been in English has deterred many Wagnerians from attending, the English has been, in the cases of most of the singers, so very broken as scarcely to be distinguishable from the language of Wagner himself. VIVACE.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND"

The vagabond philosopher is ever a charming fellow. One could quote a long line of them from M. François Villon by way of Richepin's *Le Chemineau* ("Ragged Robin" in English dress) down to the latest creation—Mr. W. J. Locke's Paragot. But some of these delightful individuals lose a measure of their personality when transferred to the stage. Mr. Locke's vagabond threatened to be a failure on the stage unless his creator consented to his making a marriage which was out of all reason. The consent was won. The stage version of *The Beloved Vagabond* is a great big unmistakable success, but I am afraid it will cause a measure of anguish to those who, like myself, number the book among the most precious of their possessions. Mr. Locke is to be congratulated upon his achievement in making a successful play out of a book which has none of the elements of drama in it. He has achieved this apparent miracle by means of the "happy ending" so dear to the hearts of playgoers. At the same time, I hope that the conscience of Mr. Locke will keep him cognisant of the fact that he has shorn his hero of much of his charm, and, indeed, of his reality, in the process of putting him into stage dress. The whole question of the change from book to play turns upon Blanquette, the faithful, money-saving, but soul-expending peasant woman. In the book she comes into her own—the possession of Paragot. An artistic climax, carrying with it a true thrill, is reached wnen the besotted Paragot —for that is what he becomes — stained and bedraggled by his wanderings, and seeing his very soul slip away from him, is suddenly fired by the inspiration of Asticot: "Master, why not marry Blanquette?" I wish I could quote the whole passage *in toto*—there is not a false note in it—but the stage demands its conventions, and poor Blanquette is pushed into the cold to make a successful play. The Princess returns in the last act in a black gown of exquisite appearance, and will not permit her vagabond any more to go a-vagabonding. He shall find spring, she says, not upon the high road under the almond tree, but in her heart.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Evelyn Beaumont

Playing the part of Lady Mabel Wynnegate in *The White Man*. She also understudies Miss Nora Lancaster in the rôle of the Countess of Kerhill

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Hutin Britton

Playing Blanquette in *The Beloved Vagabond* at His Majesty's, in which part she has already scored a great success on tour. She is the wife of Mr. Matheson Lang, John Storm in *The Christian*

This is all very pretty, but is as unlike the real Paragot as it can possibly be. Years of the road are not lightly to be shaken off. Respectability, once abandoned, is a garment most difficult to wear again.

It is the inevitableness of Paragot's descent down the social scale, and the impossibility of his re-incarnation as Gaston de Nérac, that constitute the chief merit of the book—viz., reality. Once again I congratulate Mr. Locke upon making a successful play out of unpromising dramatic material. He has managed to preserve some of the literary flavour, the piquant dialogue, the brilliant sallies and epigrams, and bits of philosophy. And everyone knows that the path to the literary drama is strewn with the corpses of those who have fallen by the way. In Paragot Mr. Tree finds a rôle after his own heart. A fantastic part never comes amiss to him. Give him chances to be by turns bizarre, picturesque, and whimsical, and he will seize them. Paragot is to be numbered among the most striking of Mr. Tree's many portraitures. But the actor's impersonation will never oust from my heart the original, the real Paragot of the book.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

If you care to be transported into a new world, to study a new race of your fellow-creatures, go to the Shaftesbury Theatre, where the players from a little

Sicilian village have halted in what should prove to be a triumphant progress into civilisation.

These wonderful artists breathe the freshness of the mountains into the arid low-lying plains of the drama. Our native actresses hint at the passionate side of love; they express it. Take all the tense love-charged moments of all the "problem" plays, and you cannot make up of them ten minutes of the second act of *Malia*.

Here we witness a woman of the soil, a peasant with all a peasant's strong imagination, both of the supernatural and the natural, buffeted in a storm of passion for a man betrothed to another. She prays to the Virgin to be rid of this demon. The man enters, and the flood of passion rises. Beside herself, she confesses what he no more than his neighbours had ever suspected — her love for him. Her *abandon* is irresistible. He is borne forward in the torrent of her emotion to inevitable tragedy.

We watch the *mise-en-scène* of this Sicilian village, the swarthy men and gaily dressed women, the swift play of hand and feature, the drinking, the laughter, the oaths, the kisses, the love, and the hate; all this we sit and watch, entranced, for this new world, so different from our own, bears the stamp of reality. These peasants of Sicily are men and women untrammelled by the customs and conventions and artifices which cloak the inhabitants of Mayfair from each other's gaze. We have got down to the bedrock of humanity, and the spectacle, though not entirely pleasant, always compels and engrosses the attention. These children of nature give vent to an emotion the moment it touches them. Iana is touched with love for Cola. At once she is obsessed. She makes no attempt to hide her misery. Heedless of the rage of Ninu, to whom she is betrothed, she will not dance with him. A tragic figure of despair, she haunts the house, and will not be comforted. She is a soul in torment. Not one moment's peace does she know. She is either raging on a pinnacle of grief, or grovelling piteously in a hollow of despair.

Photo *Lizzie Caswell Smith*

Miss Marjorie Murray

Playing the part of Pickles, the factory girls' champion, in the pathetic curtain-raiser, *The Agitator* which precedes *Brewster's Millions* at the Hicks Theatre

Her people can do nothing for her. Threats, persuasion, all are in vain. She moans and writhes like a creature demented. Storm after storm of passion passes across her face. She is an object of wondering pity. After the great scene of her confession to Cola and his response, she tumbles into a chair in a heap. Ninu enters, and the two men gaze at her affrighted. An occasional moan and a twitching of the limbs are the only signs of life. Such realism in acting can never have been seen upon the London stage. The greatest of English, or even French-speaking actresses, has not gone to such lengths, not for want of talent, but of opportunity. The facial expressions of Mimi Aguglia Ferran are marvellous in their variety. Follow her as closely as you can during the entire evening, and I defy you to gather a sufficiently distinct impression of her normal expression by which to recognise her in the street. She is not one, but fifty women. Almost as vivid a performance is given by the principal actor, Cav Uff Giovanni Grässo in the rôle of Ninu. Watch him making advances to unwilling Iana. He grasps her hair, and roughly turns up her face to his, the lover in him turning to the brute as he notes her aversion. Then he falls to watching her every movement. You can read the turbulent story of his thoughts in his face. When she refuses to dance in the first act his eyes blaze with fury. So complete is the illusion the actor portrays of anger that one could swear he turns pale under his grease paint.

Whatever be the success of the Sicilian players in London, whether they repeat here the *succès fou* which they aroused in Paris, their acting is in the nature of a revelation. E. C. S.

Farewell to Pantomime

The pantomime season is now fast on the wane. *Cinderella* at the Kennington and *Dick Whittington* at the Camden, which are the only surviving pantomimes in the suburbs, finish with the week, while in the Provinces most of the Christmas shows are being withdrawn. Only in the West End does King Pantomime seem to be holding his own. *Robinson Crusoe* at the Lyceum appears to break its own records with each succeeding week of its run. After the pantomime, *Romeo and Juliet* will be produced at this theatre, with Mr. Matheson Lang as Romeo and Miss Norah Kerin as Juliet. But this is not due until some date in March. Mr. Robert Arthur's fine pantomime, *Aladdin*, at the Adelphi, is continually being strengthened with new "business," and *The Babes in the Wood* at the "Lane" is still in full swing. Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton and Company, including Mr. Courtice Pounds, are appearing this week at the Marlborough. At the Broadway, the original *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* company, including Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, is drawing crowded houses. Next week the attraction at this theatre will be *As You Like It*, with Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton. R. M.

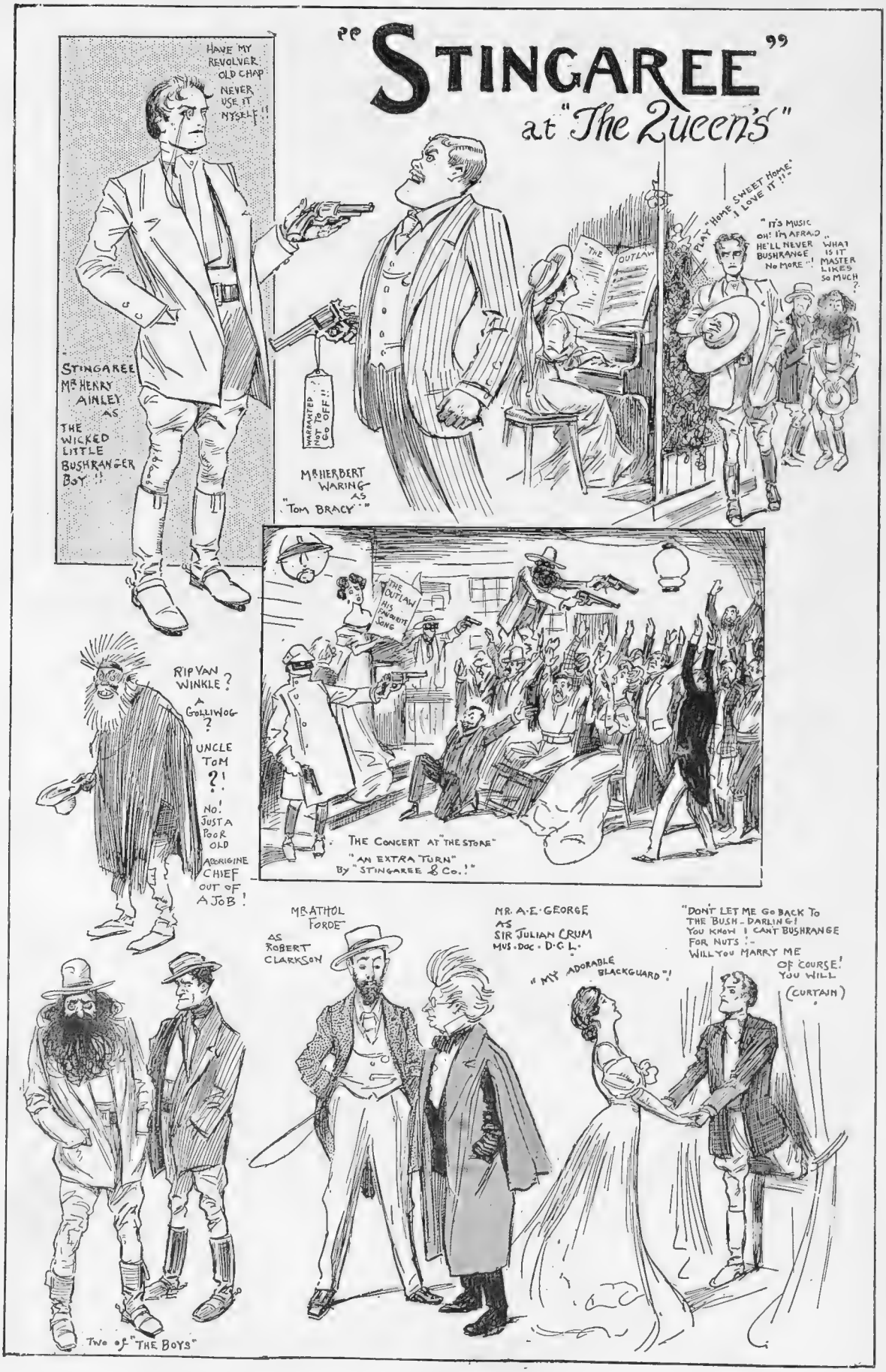
Still Going Strong

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. JAMES WELCH AND MISS AUDREY FORD IN "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," AT WYNDHAM'S

"The longest run of 1907" must now be written against "When Knights were Bold," by Charles Marlowe, for it has outdistanced all its rivals which first saw the light at the beginning of last year. Advancing age, however, in no wise interferes with the quaint antics of Mr. Jimmy Welch as Sir Guy de Vere, the dapper little baronet, and the piece will provide for some time to come laughter-tonic for those in need of it. The above scene represents him being armed for the fray by his cousin and lady-love, Lady Rowena

New Plays at London Theatres



SKETCHED AT THE QUEEN'S BY NORMAN MORROW

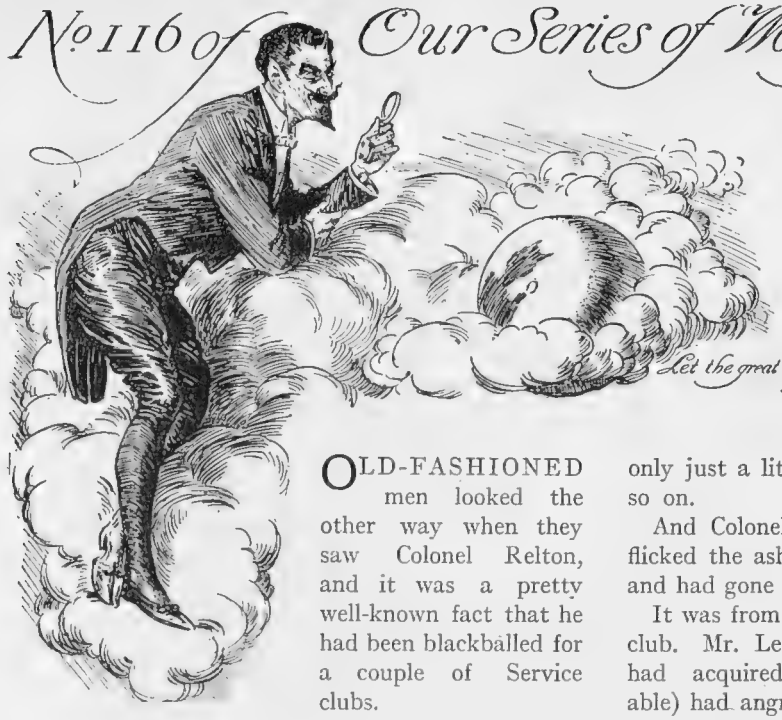
New Plays at London Theatres

SKETCHED AT HIS MAJESTY'S BY NORMAN MORROW

Photo *Ballance*

AN OLD-WORLD CORNER ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: THE ANCIENT GATEWAY LEADING INTO PERINALDO, A VILLAGE ON ONE OF THE SLOPES OF HILLS NEAR BORDIGHERA

No. 116 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



An Option in Ottos

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

OLD-FASHIONED men looked the other way when they saw Colonel Relton, and it was a pretty well-known fact that he had been blackballed for a couple of Service clubs.

Other men greeted him effusively, but whispered certain little stories of his life in the City, and of the many shady companies which numbered him on their directorates.

But, except for the old-fashioned few, Society was kind to Colonel Relton. If he was a rogue, he was a genial rogue—and he had not been found out.

So the gallant officer (about whose retirement from the Army there was some mystery), aided by one Leslie Hughes, financier, joined an expensive, if not exclusive, club, and married the eighteen-year-old daughter of an unfortunate gentleman who, handicapped by dealing honestly in the City, ended his life with sixpennyworth of poison.

And on this particular afternoon in early Spring Colonel Relton strolled languidly down Piccadilly towards his club. His neatly rolled umbrella was under his arm, a particularly shiny silk hat was tilted at exactly the correct angle on his iron-grey head, his white moustache carefully waxed, and in the buttonhole of his black morning coat was the inevitable bunch of violets.

He acknowledged the salute of the porter with a cheery nod, and as he selected a financial paper from the table in the smoking-room, surely no man looked more contented or more cool and collected than did Colonel Vernon Relton, late of his Majesty's Indian Service.

But when he had withdrawn to a deserted part of the large room, his manner underwent a change, he lit a cigar with fingers that trembled slightly, and sat back in his chair scowling darkly at the paper before him.

He had taken a hasty step without thought of the consequences, and now the thought of the consequences was troubling him. That morning a man in the City had told him of a little rumour that was going about. He told it very discreetly. He hinted in a vague sort of way that the actions of pretty Mrs. Relton had been indiscreet. Nothing more, you know, only just a little warning in time. People talk, and so on.

And Colonel Relton, without turning a hair, had flicked the ash from his cigar, thanked him politely, and had gone straight to see the man.

It was from this interview that he had come to his club. Mr. Leslie Hughes (Isaac Bernstein until he had acquired sufficient money to be fashionable) had angrily denied everything, and then coldly had the passionate officer shown out.

"Damn!" growled the Colonel; then he irritably ordered a brandy and soda.

He told himself over and over again that he should have been more tactful, he should have seen his wife first. For the last ten years he had known little or nothing of her actions, he saw her seldom, gave her as small an allowance as was compatible with the style he wanted her to keep up, and troubled no further.

Her sin in the Colonel's eyes was that she had allowed people to talk. His idea of morality, like that of many others, was that it doesn't matter much what you do so long as you do it in a quiet, respectable way, and are not found out.

"If it wasn't for those confounded Ottos I wouldn't care so much," he ruminated, sipping his brandy. "But that cursed Jew controls the market. I must clear out of that option somehow."

And it was at that stage of the proceedings that the Hon. Reggie Coyle strolled up and, boisterously slapping the Colonel on the back, inquired the cause of the departure of his usual sunny smile.

Colonel Relton was a man who thought quickly; he checked the angry words that rose to his lips, and motioned the younger man to a chair.

"The fact is," he said ruefully, "I'm dashed hard-up; wouldn't tell anyone but you, old chap. I've had a beastly electric shock. Happen to want a couple of thou at a moment's notice, and find all the boodle is tied up."

The Hon. Reggie was flattered by the confidence of so great a man. He flushed with pleasure, and became interested.

When he left the club, Colonel Relton went with him; the gallant officer was carefully twirling his waxed moustache, and smiling behind his hand.

It was late in the evening when he left Coyle's chambers in Jermyn Street and made for his flat at West Kensington. He was humming softly to himself as he sat back in the cab.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

He had good cause to be satisfied, for in his pocket was the Hon. Reggie Coyle's cheque for three thousand pounds in purchase of his option in Ottos, which before many days were past would be worth nothing at all.

. . . . . .

It was shortly after dropping five thousand at one fell swoop on the Turf that the Hon. Reggie Coyle began to take an interest in his option in Ottos. According to Colonel Relton, he should clear a few thousand in a month or so at latest. A fortnight had now passed, and he learned with surprise that the shares of the Ottofielder Mining Company were considerably lower than when he had bought the option.

A short interview with his solicitor did not tend to encourage him, and the Hon. Reggie was not looking at all himself when he entered the ugly, but comfortably furnished house of the Dowager Lady Standish, his maternal aunt.

"What's the matter with you?" asked that lady, sharply, as her nephew dutifully seated himself on the settee beside her.

The Hon. Reggie knew it would be useless to lie, so he told her the truth.

"You're a fool," snapped Lady Standish, with that blunt candour which made her so beloved of people whose friends were the subjects of it.

Coyle did not feel justified in denying the statement, so he grinned weakly, and murmured that he supposed he was.

Lady Standish eyed him sternly for some moments.

"Who sold you this option?" she demanded at length.

"Well—er—I was told to keep it a secret, don't you know, but I know you'll keep it dark. It was Colonel Relton."

Lady Standish drew in her breath sharply, with the peculiar little hissing sound that her enemies (who were many) compared with the hiss of a venomous snake.

"Of course," added the Hon. Reggie hurriedly, "it wasn't his fault—even clever Johnnies make mistakes at times—eh, what?"

"I know Colonel Relton," said the Dowager quickly. She did not add that she also knew a good deal about Colonel Relton's wife.

"Nice chap," said her nephew, after an awkward pause.

Lady Standish sipped her tea.

"Very," she said.

The Hon. Reggie fidgeted with his watch-chain.

"I'm in an awful hole," he blurted out at last. "You see, I've paid three thou for the option of buying thirty thousand Ottos at ten shillings in a fortnight's time. They were up to fifteen; now they are down to eight. I want the cash now. A confounded Sheeny wants something out of me, and I've run through my allowance, and a tidy bit over."

"If I were to help you, you would only fool the money away again."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," cried Coyle fervently, wondering how his aunt, who grudged every penny she spent, would help him.

"Keep a silent tongue in your head—if possible," she said acidly, "and I will see what I can do. These, these——"

"Ottos," suggested Reggie.

"These Ottos may possibly go up."

She rose, and nodded his dismissal.

"But how are you——"

"Wait and see," snapped Lady Standish.

. . . . . .

At one time women knew little, and cared less, of what happened in the City; "bulls," "bears," "options," "carryings over," were unintelligible to them. All this is altered now, and the Dowager Lady Standish knew as much about the world of finance as the majority of financiers.

She knew very well that the Hebrew gentleman who preferred to be known as Leslie Hughes was at the back of the Ottos market; she also knew through different channels that Hughes and Colonel Relton were now on very strained terms. Observation led her to make a pretty shrewd guess at the reason.

Five minutes after her nephew's departure, she ordered the victoria, and a quarter of an hour or so later she was reclining gracefully among the cushions as she drove towards Colonel Relton's flat at Kensington.

Mrs. Relton was in, she was informed, but she was not receiving visitors.

"She will see me," snapped Lady Standish, and she scribbled a few words on her visiting-card.

Mrs. Relton did see her.

She was a somewhat pale, fragile little woman, with a wealth of red-gold hair. She came into the little drawing-room listlessly, and there were dark circles under each blue eye.

"My husband is abroad; I'm expecting him back to-morrow afternoon," she said in reply to one of her visitor's laconic queries.

"I'm glad of that."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Relton, apprehensively.

"I want you to undertake a very delicate task for me, my dear. I'm an old woman, you know, and I——"

"Really, Lady Standish, I'm afraid I do not understand what you mean."

"I want Ottos to go up," said Lady Standish, leaning forward in her chair and speaking quietly.

"But——"

"Don't you think you could speak to Mr. Hughes about them?" The words were careless enough, but they caused Mrs. Relton to flush crimson and anger to gleam in her eyes.

She rose from the wicker chair near the fire; when she spoke her voice trembled.

"I'm afraid you are labouring under a delusion, Lady Standish. I—er—know nothing of City life, and—and have no influence with Mr. Hughes whatever."

"That is a pity," said Lady Standish quietly.

There was a long silence. Mrs. Relton stood looking down into the fire.

"What do you mean?" she asked at length, in a voice that she hardly recognised as her own.

The Dowager Lady Standish did not answer at once. Truth to tell, she was sorry she had come on the errand; after all, it would have taught the young fool of a nephew a useful lesson if he had lost his money. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she was descending to something perilously near blackmail, but, now

(Continued on page 344)

Threatened with Suppression!

THE FAMOUS ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES OUT FOR A RUN

Hounds Hunting on a Good Scent

In Eager Pursuit

"Be With Them I Will": The Master and Whippers-in of the College Pack

In spite of recent attacks, the College Beagles continue to provide sound health-giving sport for Etonians. Many a Master of Foxhounds learnt his first lessons of the true science of hunting with the Eton College Beagles. The pack is at present under the Mastership of Mr. S. G. Menzies. Reference to the hounds is made in "Field, Stream, and Covert"

(*Continued from page 342*)

she had gone so far, she must see the thing through. She had a reputation for cleverness, in which she took no little pride. Besides, she consoled herself, this woman's husband was only a gentlemanly swindler, and having married him she must suffer for his indiscretions.

To gain time she fenced the question.

"No doubt you know your husband sold my nephew, Reggie Coyle, an option in those Ottos for an absurdly large sum."

"I know nothing of my husband's business," replied Mrs. Relton coldly.

"You know the Hebrew Hughes controls the market in those shares," flashed out Lady Standish, and Mrs. Relton made no reply.

"It is strange," continued her ladyship, speaking slowly and keeping her eyes fixed on the carpet, "that your husband should have sold his option immediately after a certain proceeding, a proceeding not calculated to increase the friendship between himself and the man who had advised him to buy the option. In fact, the man who——"

"Are you a fiend?" gasped the woman by the fire.

Lady Standish smiled bitterly.

"I trust not, my dear; only an old woman who keeps her eyes and ears open. . . . I am not the only one."

"I see," said Mrs. Relton, and the contempt and loathing in her voice caused Lady Standish to fidget uncomfortably in her chair.

"I should hate to do it," she added hastily, "but——"

"I see," said Mrs. Relton again.

When Lady Standish drove back towards Belgravia her face was very red.

. . . . . .

"Really," said Mr. Leslie Hughes, rising from the big leather chair by his desk the next morning; "really, this is a great surprise—and pleasure, Mrs. Relton."

He had not seen her since his interview with the angry Colonel. He spoke coldly, and Mrs. Relton, who had just driven into the City, was glad; her task would be easier if he was to be treated as an enemy.

"I have come on business," she said shortly, ignoring the flabby hand that was outstretched towards her.

"Really," murmured Mr. Hughes. He was a little podgy man of marked Hebrew persuasion; his conversational powers were not great; he employed others to do the talking.

"Unpleasant business," added Mrs. Relton, declining the proffered chair.

"Really," said Mr. Hughes again, as he resumed his seat. He had a strong objection to standing for more than a few minutes at a time.

"Otto shares must go up," said his visitor slowly, and Mr. Hughes laughed a rather unpleasant, grating laugh.

"Ottos will go up—when it suits me."

"They must go up to"—Mrs. Relton consulted a card she had taken from the bag on her wrist—"fifteen shillings by the sixteenth of the month."

This Lady Standish had calculated would enable her nephew to clear a profit of something like seven hundred and fifty pounds, which, considering the circumstances, would be quite satisfactory.

"It is like your husband to send you pleading to me," cried the financier angrily; "but he's a fool if he thinks I'll listen to pleading—a fool! I tell you I'll ruin him. The shares he paid three thousand for the privilege of buying, on my advice, mind you, those shares on the sixteenth of this month won't be worth that!"

He snapped his fingers derisively, and leant forward, glaring at her savagely.

Mrs. Relton curled her lip contemptuously at his outburst, and wondered, in a vague sort of way, how she could have nearly come to sacrificing everything for this ugly little man, with no thought but the making of money.

"My husband has sold them," she said quietly, and noticed, with a pleasure that surprised her, a look of baffled rage on the big red face.

"Ah, to a fool! But he——"

"The fool has a champion that is not a fool—that is why Ottos must go up if a scandal is to be avoided."

The Jew sat silent for a moment; then he put his hands in his pockets, and jingled the coins noisily.

"Ah, to save you and the gallant Colonel, eh? Think it a swindle, eh? Ha, ha, ha, but really I——"

"I shouldn't ask you to save *me*," cried Mrs. Relton, scornfully, standing over the desk, "if I was the only one to be considered. But only by saving me can you save yourself. If there's a scandal, you'll be ruined too."

Mr. Hughes took a huge red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow.

"But it will be a lie," he gasped feebly; "an injustice to you and to me. I told your husband——"

"Don't go over it all again," said Mrs. Relton wearily; "I am sick to death of it. We were fools; yes, you with all your cunning were a fool. We caused talk, and——"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively.

Again Mr. Hughes wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. After all his careful scheming, it would be awkward to arrange for Ottos to go up to the necessary price—very awkward. He only dimly heard Mrs. Relton's further explanations. His will was not strong enough to resist the threat of exposure; there were too many shady things that might come out once a whisper of scandal got about, and he had social ambitions!

When Mrs. Relton stepped into the waiting cab in Broad Street she had been assured that Ottos would be at fifteen on the sixteenth of the month.

Mr. Leslie Hughes, striding up and down the heavy pile carpet of his office, was dictating quickly to a meek-looking secretary, and swearing under his breath.

Such was the result of Lady Standish's blackmail.

. . . . . .

Colonel Relton arrived at Charing Cross that afternoon in a remarkably good temper considering the journey from Paris had been a trying one. A couple of young Americans, endowed with considerably more money than brains, that he had met in the Gay City, had swelled his exchequer, and three days' good luck at the Monte Carlo tables enabled him to return to England with about five thousand pounds more than he had possessed when he left her shores.

Having obtained his luggage, he hailed a hansom, and gave the address of his flat. He had come to the

(*Continued on page 346*)

Fair Readers in Fair Lands

"In the Shade of the Old Melon Tree" in West Africa

The leaves of the Paw-Paw, or tree melon, are excellent for keeping meat or bread fresh, and the toughest fowl is supposed to become tender if wrapped in them before cooking. Sent by Mrs. A. HOULKES, Peasmarsh, Sussex

A Quiet Corner in Japan

The sender of this photograph, LIEUT. A. NORMAN FRASER, Military Hospital, Hong Kong, writes: "This picture was taken on the shores of Lake Chuzenji, among the Nikko Hills, about 100 miles north of Tokio

In Minnesota

"The land of sky-tinted water," where rise the three great rivers, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, and the Red River Between the St. Croix river, near which this photo was taken, and the Red River, the country is covered with scores of lakes. Sent by Mr. A. BOULTHEE, Fort Garry, Winnipeg

In an Arbour in Ceylon

Two very interested readers on a Cingalese tea estate. Sent by Mrs. H. G. ECCLES, Cottaganga, Rangalla, Ceylon

On the Summit of Olympus

A fair reader on the summit of Olympus, the highest point of Mount Troödos, the highest mountain in Cyprus (6,500 ft.). The residents of the island, including the Governor, camp on its slopes about 6,000 ft. up during the summer months. Sent by Mrs. PEACH, Zogazy, Egypt

(*Continued from page 344*)

conclusion that he had hardly been judicious in his treatment of his wife. He had no doubt but what her explanation of the Hughes affair had been correct, and he felt he had made a fool of himself.

The cab was held up by a block of traffic near the Marble Arch, and suddenly a frock-coated figure dashed from the pavement and jumped on the foot-board.

"I say, you bally old scoundrel, you've let me in—eh, what?"

"Oh," said the Colonel with relief, "it's you, Coyle. Gave me quite a start. You mean about those Ottos? I've been on the Continent, but I heard they had gone down."

"Gone down, you beggar; they can't conveniently go any lower. I'm dashed hard up, and I lose my three thou."

The traffic began to move.

"Come in a moment," said Colonel Relton; "I don't want you to think I've treated you badly."

The Hon. Reggie sat down beside him as requested. He was half inclined to tell him of what Lady Standish had told him, but he had no faith in his aunt, so far as stocks and shares were concerned.

The Colonel was silent for a time. He was thinking that this young idiot might do him a considerable amount of harm by telling the story to everyone he knew. He also remembered the five thousand pounds.

"I tell you what, Coyle," he said slowly as the cab bowled along Knightsbridge, "I'm infernally sorry about these beastly things, and if you think it's hopeless, I'll buy the option back at a couple of thousand. I'm afraid it's a couple of thou going to the bow-wows, but I should be sorry to let a pal in badly. If you like I'll take the risk."

The Hon. Reggie glanced at him sharply. No, he was not drunk, though he might be mad.

"Done," he said hastily, "I'm so low just now that——"

"I'll post you my cheque to-morrow," said the Colonel, and the Hon. Reggie stopped the cab and alighted hurriedly before the elder man had time to repent the bargain.

When, after, for him, a tender greeting, the Colonel told his wife what he had done, she went into hysterics, and it was not until a late hour that he heard her explanation.

A week later he left the flat in Kensington, and went over, with his wife, to his brother's place in Ireland for a long stay.

Two people want to see him urgently, and a third would not trust himself at an interview.

C. Malcolm Hincks.

BEEVES IN THE BRACKEN

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF HIGHLAND CATTLE

At the New Royalty

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

New Royalty Theatre

Susannah and Some Others, by Madame Albanesi, derives its central interest from the endeavours to establish dramatic contrasts between two sisters, Lady Corneston (Miss Gertrude Kingston) and Susannah Richland, (Miss Nina Sevening). Lady Corneston, having compromised herself with Adrian Thrale (Mr. Milward Dawson), is threatened with being found out by her husband, an eminent K.C. Basely she seeks to screen herself behind the defence that she has been misunderstood, and that the real lovers are Adrian Thrale and her sister Susannah. She carries her scheming to the point of throwing her quondam admirer into the society of her sister, who, by feminine comparison, is an idle *ingénue*, and falls an easy victim to Adrian's display of fondness. At the moment of her triumph, however, Lady Corneston has her particularly callous calculations upset by Mrs. Harraday, who knows the precise significance of a valuable brooch which her ladyship wears. Pains are taken to poison the mind of unsuspecting Susannah, and a "scene" is followed by Adrian's flight to Japan. The brooch incident, of course, in the hands of such a past-master in the art of deception as Lady Corneston, permits of a "simple" explanation, and Susannah, gulled to the height of her bent, is in a sufficiently plastic frame of mind to receive Adrian with open arms on his return from abroad

Mr. Milward Dawson as Adrian Thrale and Miss Nina Sevening as Susannah Richland in Mme. Albanesi's "Susannah and Some Others" at the New Royalty Theatre

A Source of National Income

A correspondent, to whom I must take this opportunity of tendering my best thanks, has been kind enough to send me a number of statistics about the work done and fees received in the more important County Courts, which I wish I were at liberty to publish *in extenso*. They conclusively prove a theory which I have put forward in this page more than once before, namely, that an efficient Judge, whether of the High Court or the County Court, is not an expense to the country, but actually an economy. The fees paid by the suitors in his Court come to a great deal more than his salary and those of his officials, and, consequently, it is a short-sighted policy on the part of the Treasury to put so many obstacles in the way of every proposed increase in the judicial staff.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Legal War on Mr. Birrell

Lord Chief Justice O'Brien, of Ireland, who is heading the agitation on the part of the Irish Bench against those juries which refuse to convict cattle-raiders

Cheap Justice

The net result of the figures is that, after allowing for salaries, wages, rent, rates, coals, lighting, etc., each County Court in the great towns pays into the national exchequer several thousand pounds a year more than it takes out, and £5,000 a year is quoted for one Court. It may well be that this gain is to some extent balanced by a loss on the Courts in the rural districts, where the expenses are larger in proportion, and as to which I have no statistics, but the fact remains that the small suitor in the towns is paying for justice at a great deal more than cost price. For years past we have been deafened by the clamour for cheap food and cheap education, but I am inclined to think that cheap justice is as important and desirable an object as either of these.

The Overworked County Courts

Another point which will come as a surprise to many people is the extraordinary amount of work which some of the Judges get through—25,000 to 35,000 cases a year, or 150 a day, are not uncommon figures. Of course, the majority of these are undefended, but they all have to be proved by sworn evidence, and every one requires close attention lest the Court be imposed upon. Many of the smaller cases are heard before the Registrar, but, on the other hand, the Judge has to deal with all the judgment summonses, sometimes from 500 to 1,000 in a day, and these are not included in the figures given above. For the benefit of those who are neither lawyers nor County Court suitors, I ought to explain that the judgment summons is a proceeding in which the Judge has to determine how much time is to be given to a defendant to pay a proved or admitted debt. He has to inquire into the man's means and outgoings, and how much he can afford to pay his creditor per week or per month until the debt is discharged. No greater hardship can be inflicted on the poor, whether debtors or creditors, than to deal with such questions on unjust principles or insufficient inquiry.

More Judges or Higher Salaries?

My correspondent concludes with a very strong plea that the salaries of the Judges in the large towns should be raised. Up to a certain point I agree with this, for their work has vastly increased both in volume and importance since the days when their £1,500 a year was first allotted to them, and, therefore, it is not unreasonable that they should ask for a rise. But I do not think that that is the best remedy for the evil to which I have tried to call attention. If you must overwork a man, it is only fair to give him extra pay, but you will probably get the work better done by putting on more men at the old rate of wages, and no one can do more than his best, however well he may be paid. Although the County Court £1,500 looks small when compared with the High Court £5,000, it is high enough to attract an unlimited supply of perfectly qualified men, for the certainty, the usually easier work, the more regular hours, and the prospects of a pension compensate for a considerable loss of immediate income. If it be objected that some of the County Court Judges are not properly qualified for their posts, a captious critic might possibly reply, with some show of reason, that even the munificent salary of the High Court does not succeed in preventing occasional bad appointments.

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT

Photo *Bassano*

The Essex Union Hounds: The Meet at Warley Barracks, where the Officers of the Norfolk Regiment gave a breakfast to the Members of the Hunt

The Fox-hunter's Month

That is the description which has been given to February, and, providing the demon Frost does not return to spoil the peace, the present month looks like living up to its high reputation for sport. Hounds and horses are never in such good condition as in February. Weaklings among the foxes have been effectually weeded out earlier in the season, and few but the stoutest and best remain. Fallows are not yet hardened or parched by the Spring winds, and as the days lengthen out we seem to enjoy our afternoon gallops the more. Under normal conditions, February hunting is as near to the ideal as we can hope to get it, and if you cast back along the pages of the history of the chase you will find that many of the most famous runs have occurred in the shortest month of the year.

Science and Sport with the Beagles

Our illustrations this week include some of the Eton College Beagles in full cry, with their Master and whippers-in all desperately keen to be with the hounds. Who, looking on these pictures, could deny that the sport is one of the most health-giving that could be devised for the physical improvement of the British schoolboy? The faddists and so-called humanitarians never tire of condemning what, in their opinion, is the "cruelty" of the sport, and probably the publication of our photographs will start 'em off again. But, thank goodness, the nation at large is not made up of such squeamish folk as these, and, in spite of all attacks (some of them cleverly engineered, notably the "Beagler Boy" episode), the Eton College Beagles still flourish. In beagling the quarry is always given that chance for life which is the essence of every true sporting pursuit. The "timid hare," as Somerville wrote, is not o'ermatched in any way, and the little hounds have to work honestly and well before they can secure their reward. There is, in fact, much science in beagling, and no finer training for a hunting man can be had than early experiences with beagles. Masters and whippers-in of the Eton pack have, dozens of them, afterwards blossomed forth into full-blown Masters of Foxhounds.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Sir William Cooke

The Master of the Ledbury Hounds, votes on his way to the meet in the South Hereford Election. Sir William is giving up the hounds at the end of the season

Some New Masters of Hounds

New Masters are being sought for all over the kingdom, so numerous are the changes this season, but here and there some of the gaps have been already filled. For instance, the members of the West Norfolk (a Hunt in which the King takes a great interest, as their country embraces the Sandringham estate) have found an excellent successor to Mr. Albert Collison in the person of the Earl of Romney, who has the advantage of being a resident in the country (Gayton Hall is his seat), a regular follower of the pack for years past, and a sportsman with a considerable knowledge of hunting. He is guaranteed £1,900 by the subscribers for hunting the country, and will receive as much more as the subscriptions reach. The followers of the North Warwickshire are likewise to be congratulated upon having secured the services of the Hon. Alex Parker to take

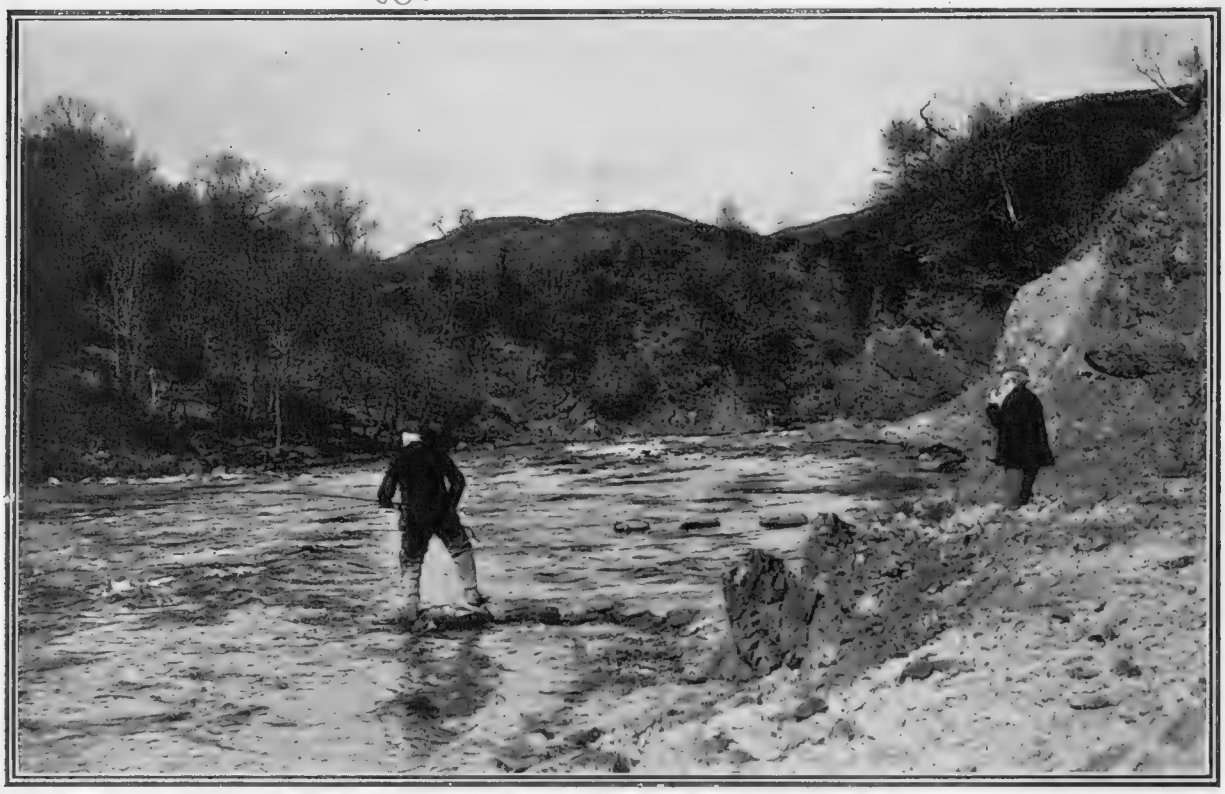
the place of Mr. J. P. Arkwright at the end of the season. Known everywhere as a first-class judge of horses—there is nobody in greater demand at Shows—Mr. Parker also can hold his own with the hardest and best when hounds are running. The love of hunting was bred in him, for he is the last of the many sons of that famous sportsman, the Earl of Macclesfield, who hunted the South Oxfordshire for thirty years. In the Grafton country, Sir Samuel Scott has been appointed to serve as Joint Master with Mr. C. McNeill next season. Although a comparative stranger in a difficult country, the present M.F.H. has shown some excellent sport this season, and the new arrangement will enable him to devote closer attention to the duties of huntsman, in which he excels.

unsuitability for his pack of the present kennels, and Mr. Henry Hope Barton has resigned the Badsworth because the Hunt Committee cannot assent to his buying the hounds and removing them to new kennels at Stapleton Park. The Belvoir people are much relieved—the resignation of Sir Gilbert Greenall has been withdrawn.

Veterans of the Chase

The Beaufort Hunt has a noteworthy veteran in Sir John Wallington, the "Knight of Keevil," whose keen delight in the sport is as great as ever, and who enjoys nothing so much as a day with the Duke or Mr. Nell, though he will keep his eighty-sixth birthday next month. But it is the spirit of these splendid old fox-hunters that remains unquenchable when the years make inroads on bodily health. One such fell ill not long ago, and was visited by a contemporary, not a fox-hunter, and of softer stuff. He was visibly affected by the spectacle of his old friend's temporary collapse, and finally, to the immense annoyance of that stalwart Nimrod, his sniffs resolved themselves into tears of pity and sorrow. The invalid raised himself in bed, stared at his old friend coldly, and, though so weak that it was an effort, said to him, with superb contempt and irritation in his firm voice, "You appear to have a bad cold!" History relates how an Irish veteran of some eighty odd years rebuked a much younger man who happened to be staying in the neighbourhood and came out hunting. To his surprise, there was his old friend, on a good-looking gee, active and keen as ever. His greeting of pleasure was more sincere than tactful. "Well, well, fancy seeing you out like this, on a good-looking one, too," he exclaimed. "Why, did you expect me to come out in a Bath-chair, then?" snapped the dauntless octogenarian.

A. W. C.



Photo] **Salmon Fishing on the Awe: Fine sport is usually enjoyed by anglers on this water** *[Graphic Photo Union*

Coming Changes

It will be good news to Irish hunting people to learn that the reports of Miss Edith Somerville's resignation of the Mastership of the West Carbery Hounds are premature, and it is not definitely settled that she will give up her pack at the end of the season. In North Northumberland, however, I fear that Mrs. Burrell will not go on with her hounds. A daughter of that well-known North-country sportsman, the late Mr. Charles Perkins, Mrs. Burrell is a fine horsewoman, and has shown excellent sport with her smart pack, which were established two years ago to hunt some of the country previously covered by the late Sir James Miller. In the same county, Mr. J. C. Fenwick has resigned the leadership of the Glendale country. With regard to other recent resignations, I may state that Captain Roland Haig is giving up the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire after only one season in their command. Sir William Cooke (whose photograph we give, taken on the day of the polling for South Hereford) relinquishes the Ledbury mainly on account of the

Hunting on the Sussex Downs

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

THE EASTBOURNE FOXHOUNDS AFTER THEIR MEET AT JEVINGTON

Followers of Colonel Cardwell's pack enjoy their hunting amid picturesque scenery in charming Sussex

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Mother." By Eden Phillpotts. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Spirit of Parliament." By Duncan Schwann. (Rivers.)
"Beau Brocade." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6s.)
"Cleeve's End." By Herbert Chorley. (Sisleys: 6s.)

A Young M.P. on Parliament

Parliament is now sitting, and the beginning of a Session promising excitement in plenty is the time when the average serious young man rather thinks he would like to be sitting in it. Such young men are to be recommended a book by one of their number who has had his aspirations realised. It is called *The Spirit of Parliament* (Rivers), and is by Mr. Duncan Schwann, M.P. Mr. Schwann is twenty-nine, and has only been in Parliament since the General Election, but already it seems that he is a little disillusioned as to its delights. When he first goes there it is, of course, all very impressive. His surroundings are "hallowed by great men, whose statues gravely watch him as he passes through the lobbies." St. Stephen's has, too, architectural beauties, and carvings, panelings, and paintings which stir the imagination. But all that notwithstanding, disillusionment as to the exact importance of the coveted letters "M.P." quickly follows. There are, according to Mr. Schwann, so many great men in the flesh moving about—so many sharp wits and bold thinkers and reformers—that the poor novice is nowhere. Facts that he has looked upon as the end of political endeavour are now regarded as but the starting-point for future effort. His knowledge is now ignorance. Where he thought he had ended his career, he finds he has not even begun it. He begins, too, to wobble in his beliefs, and finds it very difficult to be always obedient. He finds the House indifferent to his successes in the country, to his school and college-acquired culture. And what is the effect of this chilling environment on the new Member? That he acquires "practical common sense. He takes the outlook of the plain man . . . . puts a bridle on his ideals, and tests everything by the question, 'Is it Practical?'"

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Eden Phillpotts

Author of "The Mother" (Ward, Lock: 6s.), the novel of the moment

* * *

Is It All £ s. d.?

The chapter in which the above reflections are made, "The Mind of the Member," is, perhaps, the most thoughtful in Mr. Schwann's book. "The Drama of Debate" contains a splendid description of that great tussle between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill on Colonial policy which marked the Session of 1906, and the other chapter of special interest is that which gives the story of an electoral campaign from start to finish. I am afraid this is terribly cynical. Mr. Schwann suggests that there is a good deal of humbug about the selection of candidates and the fighting of elections, giving the impression that there is even more of the element of £ s. d. about the whole business than is popularly supposed. If so, it is, no doubt, a terrible obstacle to the entry of many able men into the service of the country, but it is, nevertheless, the curious fact that it has never yet deterred a man bent on Parliamentary honours from getting them.

* * *

A Monumental Mother

The "mother" of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's new novel, *The Mother* (Ward, Lock: 6s.), is likely to be one of the most universally admired mothers ever portrayed in fiction. But I don't imagine anyone who would like to call her his own. A woman who, in order to develop truth and strength of character in her son, could deliberately hand him over to Justice for a trivial offence and allow him to go to prison, where he could easily have escaped, is no ordinary mother. Avisa Pomeroy does this thing for her son—out of love for him. She is generally condemned for her heartless conduct, but she is a woman of a long view, and foresees that to be restrained thus early may be the ultimate salvation of the young man. And years prove her to be right. Ives Pomeroy, in youth a brute among the brutes, evolves into a fine type of man. After the prison episode, his mother sets herself to work to save him from yet another pitfall—passion for another man's wife—and to induce him to marry a true woman. Though held in thrall by an insidious malady, she manages to cling to life just long enough to see Ives through this danger. A most noble and remarkable woman is she. There are not many mothers built that way. And perhaps it is as well. After all, a young man finds, early enough, a sufficiency of pastors and monitors to be able to dispense with maternal concern for his moral evolution. One looks to a mother, when one has reached years of discretion, rather to tolerate and apologise for one's weaknesses than to censure and correct them. The outer world is there, ever ready, for the latter task! Still, I repeat, Mr. Phillpotts has given us a remarkable character, likely to survive long as a type of mother, and likely, I hope, never to be emulated. The novel is, in other respects, perhaps, the finest and the strongest yet given us by Mr. Phillpotts. The characters, and the part which they respectively play in the evolution of

Ives's character, are drawn with a master-hand, and the descriptions of Dartmoor scenery, if not exactly fresh, are in the author's best and most rapturous style.

* * *

"Beau Brocade"

Success invariably—and deservedly—greets each new novel by the Baroness Orczy. This popular writer consistently sticks to the romantic type of hero—places him in a picturesque period of history, and carries him through all the conventional evolutions of love and war to a triumphant ending. Here, for instance, is *Beau Brocade* (Greening: 6*s*.). He is what would be called a "perfect love"—a handsome, elegant highwayman, with Robin Hood's habit of robbing the rich to relieve the poor. There is nothing ethically wrong about his crimes, which only offend the silly old laws of Georgian England, and he is a most passionate and polished lover. The story, which is laid in the days of the young Pretender, and takes place over the Derbyshire dales, is full of exciting and romantic scenes. Brocade and one Sir Humphrey Challoner are both in love with the beautiful Lady Patience Gascoyne. As to which shall win her turns on who captures certain documents proving the innocence of Lady Patience's brother, the Earl of Stretton, of treasonable complicity in the Pretender's cause. The Beau risks his life over and over again in the quest, and performs a brilliant series of tricks before he is finally laid by the heels and brought before the Duke of Cumberland. Sir Humphrey (who has himself stolen the papers) hopes that this will be the last of his rival, but, as luck will have it, the Duke recognises him as a gallant officer who was cashiered for properly assaulting his superior, and instead of hanging him, releases him and takes him on to his own staff. From this eminence he is easily able to secure the hand of Lady Patience, and finally to frustrate the knavish tricks of his rival.

The Morals of Another Marcus

There is a good deal of primitive passion about *Cleeve's End*, by Herbert Chorley (Sisleys: 6*s*.). It is a village story, which tells of the love affairs of the labouring swain. The principal trouble is caused by the attentions given by one man to two women, which bring upon him, in due course, summary vengeance. Marcus Wenden, having toyed with the affections of the village barmaid, Polly Race, and got her into trouble, transfers his attentions to Ann Cleeve, and marries her, only, however, to revert to his former love. This infidelity brings unhappiness in its wake. Ann Cleeve has, to marry Marcus, left her brother's home, and become estranged from him. That somewhat misanthropic gentleman ultimately concludes that Marcus (who is a gamekeeper) is a person to be eliminated from society, and proceeds to attack him while going on his rounds with his gun. As any more cool-blooded a person might have foreseen, it is unwise to monkey with a man with a gun, because either you or he may be shot. Either contingency is equally unpleasant, because, in the latter case, you may very easily be suspected of murder. And so it happens with Cleeve. However, he clears himself, and the book ends happily, for Marcus (the person of the questionable morals) out of the way, brother and sister come together again, with happy results.

* * *

An Exmoor Story

Withyford is the title of an Exmoor story by Mr. A. O. Fisher (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*.), an author who evidently knows his country well. Its hero is a fine, dare-devil, sportsmanlike sort of fellow, and the action is largely equine in its character. The hunting situations are well conceived and humorous, and the rustic and other types are cleverly drawn—a compliment which I would fain, an I could, extend to the illustrations which adorn the book. V. C.

A PINE-APPLE PLANTATION IN QUEENSLAND

(Reproduced by permission of the Queensland Government in "In the Land of Pearl and Gold," by A. Macdonald, and here given by courtesy of Messrs. Blackie, the publishers)

Golf Notes and Notions

An International Cup for Golf?

It is a pity that there should have been a misunderstanding between the Royal and Ancient Club and the Olympic Games authorities. Had there been a proper understanding between the two parties there might have been a chance of something fruitful and really good coming out of their discussions. It is possible, indeed, that some plan might have been formulated for an International competition between picked teams representing all those countries where golf flourishes. Now, while I am absolutely against anything so cumbersome as the suggested Olympic six-aside teams, yet I am very keen on a really workmanlike scheme. As a model of what an International competition should be, we need only look to lawn tennis, where the Dwight-Davis Cup has given rise to so many interesting and exciting matches. The competition for that Cup is contested in the following manner. The country of the holders is the scene of the match, so far, at any rate, as the challenge round is concerned. Thus the next contest for the Cup must take place in Australia, as Messrs. Brookes and Wilding defeated our men at Wimbledon last year. The preliminary rounds between the countries anxious to challenge the holders may, I believe, take place on neutral territory. The matches consist always of four singles and one double. The team winning the majority of these matches is the winner. Transposing matters into golfing terms, we come to the following result. Each country would select a team of, say, four men. Out of this team there would be chosen just before the contest those who would do battle in the singles and those who would be the representatives in the foursome encounter. It is conceivable that two men might alone constitute a team. Thus England might very well have only Messrs. John Ball and Horace Hutchinson to play for them without any necessity for further members of the team. But it would be best to have two other men chosen as spare men in case of illness or accident incapacitating either or both of the first strings.

G. L. Jessop Putting

In the first round of the Golfing Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament at Richmond, Gloucestershire, represented by G. L. Jessop and J. A. Healing, beat W. N. Roe and W. Trask, playing for Somerset, by 2 up and 1 to play

A Three Days' Contest

A contest between two countries would probably require three days allotted to it. The first day would be taken up by two single matches of thirty-six holes each; the second day would be devoted to a thirty-six holes foursome, and, if the issue were still undecided, then a third day would have to be given for two further thirty-six holes singles. To make myself perfectly plain, I will suppose that Messrs. Maxwell and Laidlay are representing Scotland against Messrs. Ball and Hutchinson. On the first day Mr. Maxwell would play Mr. Ball, and Mr. Laidlay Mr. Hutchinson. Then there would be the foursome on the second day, and on the third day Mr. Maxwell would play Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. LaidlayMr. Ball. I can conceive nothing finer than a series of matches on this basis between select teams from countries all over the world.

Who Will Offer a Cup?

In the case of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, I imagine that the selection of the team would be vested in the hands of delegates appointed *ad hoc* by the leading clubs in each country. But the first condition of such a contest is the donation of a cup or trophy to be held by the country whose team should prove victorious. In the case of lawn tennis, the trophy was given by Mr. Dwight-Davis, a great American player. The first contest was, therefore, held in America, and continued to be held there till our team succeeded in wresting the Cup from the Americans. Now, as I have asked on a former occasion, who is going to imitate the example of Mr. Dwight-Davis and confer on golf the same boon as he conferred on lawn tennis? I think there is no reasonable doubt that the International contests which have flowed from Mr. Davis's wise and generous action have done inestimable good to the game of lawn tennis. I believe that a similar result would happen if such contests were instituted for the game of golf. When I saw that various countries were going to send teams to represent them in the Olympic golfing events, it struck me that now was a propitious moment for ventilating the subject. I think the idea is free from any pot-hunting element, for the prizes for the successful team would consist of medals only commemorating the event. Players would surely be keen for the honour of representing their country, and the matches would be fought out with enthusiasm. Just think how much good this might do for amateur golf. The details of the scheme could be easily arranged, such as the choice of links and representatives. The one thing necessary for starting the affair is that a generous Mæcenas should approach the Royal and Ancient Club, and state that he is prepared to present a suitable trophy, provided that they will undertake to put the scheme into execution. Will not someone come forward?

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

England Beats Ireland

The International match between England and Ireland at Richmond on Saturday suffered by comparison with the great game between Scotland and Wales the week before. It was fast, exciting, and fairly even, but there was very little really first-class football about it, and it may, perhaps, best be described as a game of lost opportunities. England were the better side both forward and behind, better, perhaps, than the score by which they won (2 goals and a try to a penalty goal) would indicate, but it was not until the second half that this superiority was manifest. In the second half, England, with the wind behind them, had the upper hand the best part of the time. Thanks to Williamson and Vassall, they developed some attacking power among their backs, and two tries were scored, both by Hudson, after Vassall, by a strong run and a well-timed pass, had paved the way for his partner to run in. There was one fine piece of combined play among the Irish backs which would have meant a try if Thompson had not slipped almost on the line, and the Irish forwards brought off one or two rushes, but these seemed easier to stop than the typical rush for which Irishmen are famous, and, in a word, the team of which high hopes were entertained (although with eight fresh men on the side it was something of an unknown quantity) did not fulfil expectations. England did well enough in the second half to justify the opinion that they would be a really fine side if they were not such bad beginners. But there was nothing to indicate that the changes which were made after the Welsh match were an improvement.

Hockey: South (1) v. Midlands (0)

Though the West had beaten the South (on a frozen ground) and the Midlands had beaten the West, it was, nevertheless, thought that the South would beat the Midlands at Bromley on Saturday—and they did. They had about their best possible side out, and they were playing "at home," and though they only got home by a goal, hit by Shoveller, they were really better than that, and ought to have had two or three more, for they hit a couple of posters, and two more shots would have scored had they not been right on the goalkeeper's pads.

Olympic Embarrassments: The Golf Grumble

It is not by any means a pleasing admission to have to make, but there seems to be no getting away from the fact that the Olympic Games are beginning to be a bit of a nuisance in the world of sport and athletics. They seem to be fated to stir up strife in several sections of the vast field which they cover. Perhaps this is only to be expected in view of the magnitude of the task which their organisers have set themselves, but, all the same, it leads to the conclusion that the whole thing is being rather overdone. There has been a misunderstanding with France, which at one time threatened to become acute, but has now been happily smoothed over; there has been a lot of mud-throwing over the exclusion of foreign competitors at Henley, a course which, however necessary or advisable it may have been in view of the Olympic regatta, which is to come so soon after Henley, was bound to give rise to adverse

South v. Midlands at Bromley: H. J. Wood, the Midlands goalkeeper, kicks out from goal

Although the West had beaten the South and the Midlands had beaten the West, the victory of the South over the Midlands by 1 goal to nothing was not unexpected. They had an excellent side out, and would have scored more heavily had it not been for Wood, the Midlands goalkeeper

comment on the part of those who were not aware, or refused to admit the validity, of the reasons for its adoption; and, lastly, there has been the trouble over the golf competitions, the story of which might be aptly entitled "The Legend of the Lost Letter." Upon this last controversy opinions differ widely. On the one hand it may be contended that it is a very rare thing nowadays for a letter to disappear utterly. If it does not reach its destination, it usually finds its way back to the sender, and the statement that the St. Andrews Club "never received" the letter or letters which invoked their sanction of, and aid in, the institution of an Olympic golf competition, requires some swallowing. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the organisers of the games were altogether well-advised either in taking a silence—which, on the face of it, must have seemed somewhat inexplicable—for consent, or in deciding to take the risk of putting a wrong interpretation upon that silence and abiding by the consequences. The question has already been discussed by my colleague, Mr. Ernest Lehmann, in "Golf Notes and Notions" last week, and although I feel bound to submit that he approaches it (naturally enough) rather too much from a St. Andrews point of view, I find that he arrives substantially at much the same conclusion as I do—to wit, that the laudable effort to make the Olympic Games as comprehensive as possible is causing trouble which is out of all proportion to their real importance.

Training the Cambridge Eight

Mr. L. K. Bushe-Fox, accompanied by the President, E. W. Powell, in light blue, crossing the water. Mr. H. R. Barker, of Oxford University, in dark blazer, is an interested spectator

—And the Football Fix

I can foresee, or perhaps I should go further and say that there already exists, another difficulty, and that is in connection with Association football. There are at present, as everybody knows, two football Associations, the Amateur Football Association, consisting of amateurs, and the Football Association, comprising amateurs, but governed by professionals or the representatives and supporters of professionalism. The latter have "got in" first with the organisers of the Olympic Games, and the former, who represent Public School and 'Varsity football, or, to put it more widely, the football of the more or less leisured and cultured classes, are out in the cold. And the fact that these genuine and self-governed amateurs appear to be bearing this state of isolation with equanimity is significant. They doubtless regard the Olympic Games as a sort of show, indefinitely and yet inseparably connected with an exhibition on Earl's Court or (*absit omen* !) Olympia lines, and perhaps they are right. Anyway, the result is that at the Olympic Games England will not be properly represented in Association football at all. I am not so stupid, or so rash, as to prophesy that the Olympiad of 1908 will not raise a great stir, and I have no doubt that we shall enjoy it immensely. But I think that the enjoyment of it will be enhanced by the comforting assurance that it can't occur again for quite a long time.

Photos *H. L. Clayton*

Preparing for the Boat Race: The Cambridge Crew

The order of rowing is: Bow—F. H. Jerwood (Jesus); 2—E. S. Hornidge (Trinity Hall); 3—O. A. Carver (1st Trinity); 4—J. S. Burn (1st Trinity); 5—H. G. Baynes (1st Trinity); 6—E. G. Williams 3rd Trinity); 7—E. W. Powell (3rd Trinity); Stroke—D. C. R. Stuart (Trinity Hall); Cox—R. Boyle (Trinity Hall). Barring accidents this will be probably the final constitution of the crew for the race on April 4

The Connoisseur.

THE HISTORY OF FURNITURE*

The first edition of Mr. Litchfield's book was published in 1892. This is the sixth edition. Such facts speak for themselves. It is a book in which to browse; a pasture of good things. We begin, for instance, with Noah's Ark of gopher (cypress) wood, and who would not continue after such a fascinating beginning? Apart from pleasant reading, there is so much to be learnt from this book that it is almost a necessity of to-day. One is asked—in this era of collecting—a thousand questions dealing with furniture. People who used to talk only of their wines now call on us to admire their decanters; people who used to press one to take a seat now ask us to notice how curious are the chairs in the room. And apart from these two things is a third, the real reason of the book: to teach students of the past to recognise the furnishments of other days, and to give students of to-day hints and lessons from the great masters of old. Mr. Litchfield knows his work to the very sap, and, if he sometimes fails rather badly in his history, we must forgive him. His idea of Italian Renaissance must be very vague. He quotes Giovanni da Udine's grotesques in the Vatican as being by Raffaelle. He suggests Leo X. as the inspirer of such artists as Benvenuto Cellini and Lorenzo Ghiberti. But his knowledge of furniture is very great, and his information sound.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street
Mr. Frederick Litchfield
The author of "The History of Furniture," the sixth edition of which is reviewed on this page. He has also written "Pottery and Porcelain," "How to Collect Old Furniture," etc.

Historic Association

We can see for ourselves the Great Bed of Ware; the chair supposed by David Garrick to have belonged to Shakespeare. We are made familiar with the work of Boulle, with Coronation Chairs, with the designs of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, Pugin, and Robert Adam. Cabinet-makers and metal-mounters, carvers and all manner of wood-workers are made to exhibit their skill in these pages. It is well to know the story of these things. We can picture the habits of the Egyptians, their inlaid boxes, their ivory veneer, or we can turn to the chair of St. Peter, the chair of wood, of carved ivory, and gold. A full flood of historic association is opened to us, great names, great houses, great movements, and civilisations, are spread like a feast. If we take a table, a chair, a bed for a mere fact of existence, we may read of these things as facts with due historic mention of their structure at all periods, and the cause of their alteration. But if we regard a chair, or a table, or a bed, as a romantic luxury, we may read real people into them or at them, see the carvers at work, watch the Egyptian take his seat, or the powdered Duke his place at table. We who gaze at a Sheraton table with eyes of joy may add to our interest if we know how he died in lodgings in 1806 in great poverty. We may know, also, that he considered Chippendale designs of great merit, but wholly antiquated. We trace the rise and fall of tastes and fashions; we breathe with difficulty at the sight of Greco-Roman window-seats in English houses, the wood ornaments painted green to look like bronze; we go through the Classic period, and arrive at the dreadful mock Gothic revival with its wrong heraldry and absurd weight. Then, oh! then, to the period which Mr. Litchfield rightly calls "the Period of Bad Taste." Loud, crude, vulgar carpets, over-ornamented, over-shelled mirror frames, utterly debased style—in everything. The age of that incisive mahogany which is a tax to-day on the people who possess it—gilt, stucco, and marble slabs. The illustrations at the end of the book are veritable nightmares of bad taste. A side-board exhibited at the Great Exhibition makes one squirm: it is carved all over with subjects from Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth. Imagine to-day a sofa made to illustrate "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"!

What of the Future?

From an artist's point of view, what is the conclusion? We have thrown aside taste as an embodied idea, we shuddered under the æsthetic school of furniture, green-stained deal, a daffodil in a vase, and a bare floor. We have lived through the Art Nouveau and its faded colours and ill-made grotesque clocks, its door-handles a foot too high, its drain-pipe umbrella stands. We are living now in an age which is passing away, the age of jumble sales, of periods which clash, of collecting, without taste or knowledge, anything old. And we see a hint of drawing-rooms being made to look like Jacobean farmhouse interiors, with furniture copied from existing old rare pieces, all of one date. Are we, in this age of tubes, flying machines, flats, and telephones, more likely to construct furniture of a new beauty, or hygienic furniture, or anti-septic furniture, or is our new school of design to be based on screw and nut ornaments, with chairs with turbine shafts, and sofas built with the angles of the aeroplane?

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

* "The History of Furniture." By Frederick Litchfield. (Truslove and Hanson.: 15s. net)

The New F.I.A.T. Repairing Works Opened at Wembley last week

Congratulations to Charles Jarrott on breaking the fifty-miles record on his Lorraine-Dietrich English-built car. It is not so easy to lower records as it was, and fifty miles in 36 minutes 17 seconds is likely to stand for some time.

* * *

A correspondent takes me to task for having "run down" the Rudge-Whitworth wheel when I made some observations on Mr. Edge's letters with regard to the Grand Prix. My dear sir! The Rudge-Whitworth Detachable Wheel is one of the finest accessories on the market—I will go further, and say *the* finest—and I was not so foolish as to "run it down."

* * *

I did not suggest in these columns that the officials of the Grand Prix were justified in refusing to allow the wheel on cars which take part in the race. Far from that being the case, in company with Mr. Edge and others, I would like to know what good and sufficient reasons there are for excluding it, since officials at other big Continental races have raised no objection.

* * *

My criticisms were levelled solely at the expressions Mr. Edge used towards the Automobile Club of France, which seemed very strong, and, to say the least of it, premature. To confess the truth, I did not like to hear that one of our motorists in the very front rank would withdraw his cars even if the offending clause prohibiting these wheels continued in force. We do not desire to see England's hopes refuse to participate, because we want the Grand Prix of 1908 brought this side of the Channel, if you please!

Car-icature—No. LXI.: Mr. Edward Powell, J.P.
The Chairman of Humber, Ltd., to whom is due the magnificent position that that Company now commands in the motor and cycle world. He comes from an old Montgomeryshire family, and for many years practised as a solicitor
By Alick P. F. Ritchie

Twenty-six million people lost, stolen, or strayed! This total has been lost to the railway companies during the past year, and, since motor-'buses and tubes are not enjoying prosperity, the papers do not seem to know what has become of them. How did they travel during this period? Motors privately owned will help to explain the mystery to a greater extent than is imagined. A good many thousands of persons motor to their business now, and their ranks are daily becoming augmented. At the end of a year the total number of journeys lost to the railway companies by these erstwhile passengers becomes a serious consideration. If a man owns a car, whether he lives in Town or out of it, the inclination increases to utilise it for getting to his work and for keeping his appointments. The inconvenience of our railway systems, with termini mostly inaccessible, becomes more apparent still when it is compared with the pleasure and advantage of being taken from door to door in one's own car.

* * *

More than that, the motor-car to-day is considerably more reliable than are railway trains. I suppose the railway company that carries me is no worse than others, yet their trains are frequently late, and do not run in the mornings at the time that suits my convenience, while both in the mornings and evenings it becomes a regular achievement to obtain a seat in the fast trains. Moreover, the system is easily thrown out of gear. A slight breakdown on the line or a fog, and we are done. The rush and struggle for seats at morning and night is very exhausting, and when turned out at one's destination there is stil

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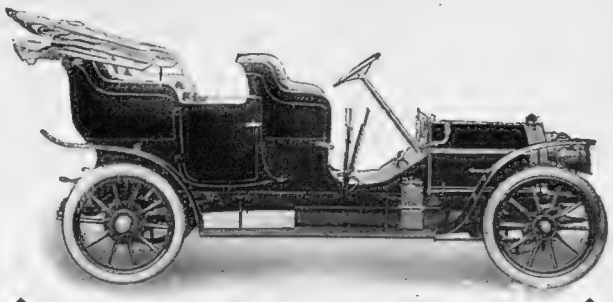

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a further journey at either end. As soon as I can afford to keep a good car, and a chauffeur to look after it, I, too, shall bid a long good-bye (but not a tender one) to the railway company which pockets the money for my season ticket and treats me as it treats its passengers generally—with scanty consideration.

* * *

Railway managements do not appreciate yet the growing revolt of the season-ticket holder. They treated him as they wished in the past because they held a monopoly, but now, to keep him, they have got to cultivate and pet him or retire from business. There is some talk in the neighbourhood in which I live for five or six business men to club together and run a motor up and down each day, depositing them in turn at their offices in London, and picking them up again at night. And unless the railway

"Caterpillar No. 1" Travelling on a Flat Surface

"Caterpillar No. 1," as it has been nicknamed, is the latest experiment of the War Office for transport purposes. The inventor, a young South African, Mr. H. S. de Trafford Wright, claims that this locomotive is as good for cross-country work as on the high road, for its eight wheels run in two endless bands studded with thirty-two "feet"

THE WAR OFFICE'S LATEST LOCOMOTIVE

companies lay themselves out to offer inducements to their best patrons, *i.e.* the season-ticket holders, it will not be very long before something of this kind will generally come about.

* * *

The Automobile Association ask me to say with regard to the triptyque they are now able to issue to their members travelling on the Continent, that it is not a profit-making department. It has been supposed in some quarters they make a profit in the matter, which is quite incorrect.

* * *

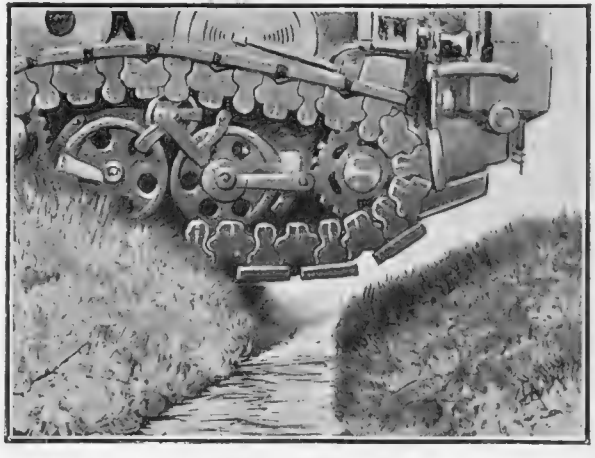
Tommy Atkins frequently has a genius for a happy description of an article, and in describing the latest military traction-engine as "Caterpillar No. 1" he has scored a bull's-eye. This weird-looking engine, pictures of which we publish, is an awe-inspiring machine when on its travels. It is said to have, *inter alia*, an internal combustion engine capable of developing 400 h.-p., a special gear to transmit the power of the pistons to the wheels with very little loss, and it climbs hills, jumps ditches, and other obstacles with consummate ease. But it is not akin to the caterpillar in its movements, for the machine can cover the ground with remarkable speed. At present it is in use for experiments at Aldershot, with a view to its adoption by the War Office. It has eight wheels run in two endless bands, studded with thirty-two "feet" which bear a family resemblance to elephant's pads, which, when being worked, give the illusion of a huge caterpillar.

* * *

Car-icature—LXI.: Mr. Edward Powell, J.P.

Mr. Edward Powell, J.P., managing director and guardian angel of the Humber Company, belongs to an old Montgomeryshire family well known in Welshpool. Mr. Powell was admitted as a solicitor in 1872, taking the Clement's Inn prize at his final. In 1899 the affairs of the Humber Company were in an unsatisfactory state, and Mr. Powell was appointed on the Shareholders Investigation Committee. His talent in the direction of business affairs soon became apparent, and through sheer force and a masterly grip of its affairs, he helped the Humber Company along, until to-day it is a by-word in motor manufacturing circles for prosperity. Mr. Powell is a big man, far-seeing, and well able to control the numerous business arrangements of the Humber motor business, and he also keeps a steady hand on what might be considered to be its less important side, viz., its cycles. The subject of our Car-icature has a clear, earnest way of expressing himself by which he holds his audience from first to last, and the shareholders of the Humber Company feel confident that so long as he directs affairs, assisted by his able lieutenants, Messrs. W. Phillips at Coventry, and T. C. Pullinger at Beeston, the future of the Humber Company will be even brighter than at present.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.



A Cross-Country Run

Readers will probably be surprised to hear that it is only eight years since the famous Fiat cars first made their appearance in this country. So great has been their popularity, however, that the manufacturers have been obliged to erect extensive works at Wembley purely for repairing purposes. These fine new premises were opened last week.

* * *

CYCLE NOTES

Whatever the condition of the cycle trade generally, the Elswick business is booming to a vast extent. At the present moment, the factory is running on overtime in an effort to cope with the demands from the agents, and the output of cycles this year is more than double what it was at the same date last year.

The Rev. C. E. Hornby, of Ashendean, writing to the Raleigh Cycle Company, under date of January 23, states that his Raleigh, "after two and a half years' constant use, continues to give me the greatest satisfaction, and the three-speed gear has never given me the slightest trouble."

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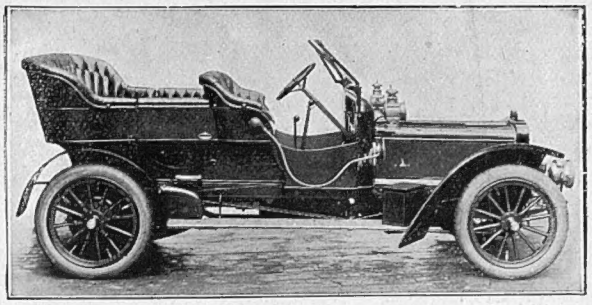

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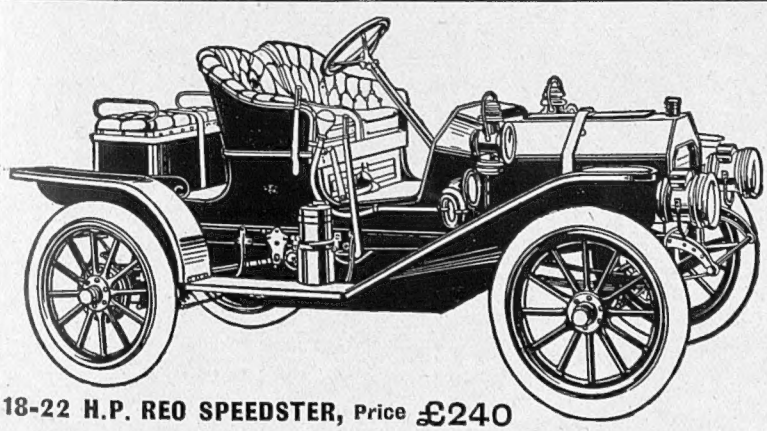

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THE GARDEN

Statuary in the Rock-Garden

We have lately had a revival of the sundial, but statuary in the garden has gone out of fashion. In Italy, the country from which we borrowed the idea, it is, perhaps, permissible, but "in our climate," says Mr. Millin, "the case is different, and a nude figure, and, indeed, any figure, without a mackintosh and an umbrella, is often a miserable and depressing subject of contemplation from the back windows of a house." Still, there are exceptions. Statuary on the terrace of a large mansion does not strike the discordant note which it generally does elsewhere, because there it has an architectural setting, and in the rock-garden, as may be seen at Tresco, Scilly, a quaint old figure may sometimes be used with striking effect. It is here—to the rock-garden—that one goes, when the year is quite young, for early flowers. Scillas and chionodoxas and many other bulbs are already pushing through, showing here and there a little colour, while there is yet no sign of growth elsewhere. Sedums and saxifrages, and other Alpines, are on the move. It is astonishing how rapidly these plants grow. Frost seems only to add to their vigour and to prepare them for Spring. The moment it is gone they start, and rush into bloom with a suddenness which is almost startling. Some of the anemones are wonderfully hardy. Their flowers may be frozen stiff, but when the thaw comes they go on just as if nothing had happened.

Inoculation of the Soil

During the last few years much has been written about the inoculation of the soil. The fundamental fact underlying the idea is that leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, and clovers, have on their roots certain nodules or excrescences, that these nodules are formed by bacteria, and that by their means they are able to utilise the free nitrogen in the atmosphere, and are thus more or less independent of nitrogenous manure in the soil. One of the first to turn this fact to practical account was a German professor, Dr. Nobbe. He made a culture of the bacteria, and placed it on the market under the awkward name Nitragin. It failed, however, to do what was expected of it, the crops to which it was applied showing no marked increase. An American professor discovered the cause of the failure. He found that in Dr. Nobbe's culture the bacteria were so plentifully supplied with food that they had no need to work for their living, and, in consequence, they made no attempt to obtain from the atmosphere the nitrogen so essential to vegetation. He accordingly prepared a fresh culture containing only just enough food to keep the bacteria alive, and soon reports began to arrive of the extraordinary results produced by it. But when it was introduced into this country and tried, there was general disappointment. It failed almost as completely as Dr. Nobbe's culture. Here Professor Bottomley, of King's College, took up the matter. As the result of his investigations, he says that the old mistake has been repeated, though in rather a different way—that the culture has been applied to soil already rich in nitrogen, and hence the refusal of the bacteria to perform their ordinary work. On poor soil he has found it remarkably successful. This may not mean the millennium for the gardener and the farmer, but we are bound to hear a good deal more about the inoculation of the soil in the future.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

Beketow's Russian Circus

Beketow's Circus, at Hengler's, Argyll Street, improves with age, and nowhere else in London could be found a more delightful entertainment for children—and grown-ups also. Delightful, too, is the little pantomime, *Pierrot in Fairyland*, which is received by the youngsters with the greatest delight. After the evening performance there are now taking place nightly wrestling tournaments for the Græco-Roman Championship of the world.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY. WHEN WAS WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP FIRST INTRODUCED?

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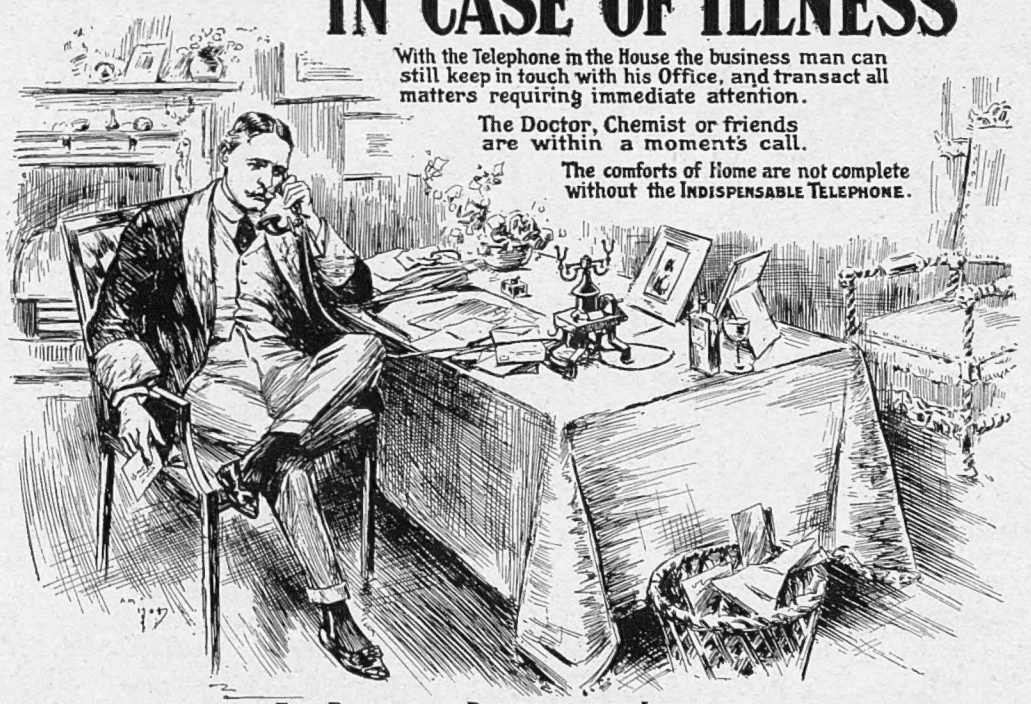

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FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

I was moved to reflection the other evening, at the successful Artists' Costume Ball, held at the Grafton Gallery under particularly distinguished patronage, on the general lack of perfection that prevails in the working up of fancy dresses. Taking them as a whole, men are not by any means such offenders as the fair sex, it being the exception to find with the latter an idea carried through accurately and with all the telling finishing touches. Naturally, at such a gathering as the one in question, where the Bohemian spirit was in the ascendant, considerably more license was taken than is usual, as may be gathered from the fact that there were present a Lady Dandy, wearing an airy costume closely modelled on what was adopted by Miss Evie Green in *Les Merveilleuses* and a Columbine.

An Early Spring Costume

(By Dorothy Millar)

Recalling the motley crowd, there are just three feminine figures that stand out in memorable retrospect, the first an Incroyable, a most finished representation carried out in black and white, a Cleopatra, and a Beggar Girl, the latter taking off first prize, as she richly deserved to do. Whereas, among the men, there immediately flashes into remembrance innumerable triumphs, notably a Toreador, a beautiful dress that bore the closest inspection, as did a Clown and his attendant Pantaloon. Between the perfected realism of two Costers it was impossible to choose, while a Carter, in a smock, strapped trousers, and boots lost to every semblance of shape, had faithfully fulfilled the character. Pondering the whole situation, I feel a mission to urge the members of my own sex, when undertaking a fancy dress, to be more thorough in the carrying of it out. It seems to me a general fault with the women that an attempt is made to produce a great effect on a small outlay—a result, I suppose, of the eternal economy that is inherent in the large majority of us. To my mind, this is the weakest point against us in our demand for the Suffrage.

American versus English Dressing

Now, the American woman has few of these economical scruples. She has acquired the true cult of spending, and I make the proclamation in the very teeth of a frequent plaint heard over here from our shops that the American will bargain. In their own particular parlance, she shops a long time before she buys. The fact of the matter is, the American woman is very finely intelligent as to what constitutes worth, and she always pays cheerfully and to the full for that.

A great modistic authority—in her way, quite the first we have over here—who has just returned from the States, was telling me that the difference between the dressing here and there grows more marked every year. The most averagely endowed American woman has a style and *chic* immeasurably above that of our average suburban and provincial woman. At present, the cult of the former is the exceedingly severe, but perfectly cut tailor-made, which is concluded by an equally carefully thought-out and executed shirt-blouse, with a particular emphasis laid on the collar finish. She is also most determinedly cultivating